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World Soccer

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Editor
JACK ROLLIN
Editorial & Advertisement Director ROBERT J. BOLLE

WORLD SOCCER is published monthly by Echo Publications (London) Ltd., 1 Ludgate Circus Buildings, Ludgate Circus, London, E.C.4, England. Situated at this address are the magazine's Editorial, Advertising and Publishing offices. Printed by The Carlton Press, The Broadway, Chesham, Bucks.

EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTIONS will be gladly received for consideration, providing such items (articles or photographs) are accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility will be accepted for the return of manuscripts or photographs if this condition is not observed. The Editor cannot accept responsibility for loss or injury during transit.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES are as follows: One Year £1-8-0 (U.S.A. and Canada 5 dollars); two years £2-10-0 (U.S.A. and Canada 9 dollars).

OVERSEAS CIRCULATION: Agents in all countries are urgently needed to help develop the circulation of WORLD SOCCER. Distributing organisations and individual circulation specialist interested in handling WORLD SOCCER at very favourable terms should contact The Circulation Manager, WORLD SOCCER, 1 Ludgate Circus Buildings, Ludgate Circus, London, E.C.4, England.

ADVERTISING: Rate Card and details supplied on application to Advertisement Director.

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This month's front cover . . .

Everton's Scottish international outside-right Alex Scott tries to lure England and West Ham United half-back Bobby Moore into an error during a meeting between the clubs at Upton Park. Both teams are finding problems in the First Division this season. (Planet.)

what to look for in next month's edition

The December edition of the international soccer magazine WORLD SOCCER will again feature all the news, facts, pictures and gossip from the four corners of the soccer globe. Our team of experts including Gordon Jeffery, Brian Glanville, Leslie Page, Roger Macdonald, John Stone etc., will all be contributing in their varied and interesting styles. Interest in WORLD SOCCER continues to grow each month and in order to avoid any possible disappointment, readers are strongly advised to place a regular order with their newsagent now to ensure a regular supply.

NOVEMBER WORLD SOCCER 1963
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"YUGOSLAVIA-ALWAYS THE BRIDESMAID"

INTERNATIONAL POST-MORTEM

Each month on these pages we go back over the major internationals played since the last issue. The particular games featured are indicated at the head of the article for quick reference.

by GORDON JEFFERY

INTERNATIONAL POST-MORTEM

Sept.	4:	E. Germany 1, Bulgaria 1
,,	4:	Poland 9, Norway 0
,,	11:	Netherlands 1, Luxemb'rg 1 (European Nations Cup)
,,	15:	Norway 0, Denmark 4
,,	18:	Sweden 3, Yugoslavia 2 (European Nations Cup)
,,	22:	Poland 0, Turkey 0
,,	22:	U.S.S.R. 1, Hungary 1
,,	25:	Austria 0, Rep. of Ireland 0 (European Nations Cup)
,,	28:	W. Germany 3, Turkey 0
,,	29:	Bulgaria 1, France 0 (European Nations Cup)

YUGOSLAVIA came close to winning the first competition for the European Nations Cup: close enough for Jean Eskanazi of *France-Soir* to note, in a phrase that seems to have become sure of a place in any future book of Soccer Quotes and Proverbs: "Yugoslavia are always the bridesmaid, never the bride." That was in 1960. It is now 1963 and it seems to me that so far as the present European Nations Cup competition is concerned the description might now be changed. Yugoslavia were this time a foolish virgin rather than a perpetual bridesmaid—and lest any sophisticated reader should feel that is no great a change, let me add that the emphasis is on the word "foolish".

Indefinite

Yugoslavia were drawn against Sweden and the first leg, played in Belgrade last June ended goalless. On paper therefore a good result for the visiting Swedes but, as I seem to have pointed out at least twice before in this feature, a stronger Yugoslav eleven stood at least an even chance of gaining the advantage in Sweden — and a stronger Yugoslav eleven meant particularly the return of little Drago Sekularac. And, as we had expected, Sekularac's indefinite suspension was ended *before* the date of the second leg match in Stockholm—but Sekularac did not play in it; was not, in fact, eligible to play in it. The rules of the competition demand that the competing nations must forward their list of twenty-two players a fortnight before the match is due to be played—that was, in respect of this particular match, by September 4 and at that date, but not the actual date of the match, Sekularac was still a player under suspension. Someone in Yugoslavia had boobed badly.

That, at any rate, is how I interpret the tragicomedy—but a doubt nagged at me as I saw Di Stefano flip the ball to Gento to start the short, swift move that led to Puskas scoring the only goal of the match at Ibrox Park between Real Madrid and Rangers. Was not Di Stefano also under suspension when the names were deposited for that European Champions Cup match? Are the rules for the latter competition different from those of the Nations Cup? Or was the point that Di Stefano's suspension applied only to Spanish League matches? Or that there was a definite limit to it such that it was known that he would be clear of suspension when the Champions Cup match was played, whereas in the case of Sekularac until the suspension was lifted its terminal point was unknown?

Without Sekularac, the Yugoslavs announced a line-up very like the one who had played in the first leg in Belgrade. Milutin Soskic in goal; the now fairly settled half-back line of Perusic, Vasovic and Popovic; Samardzic and Skoblar on the wings; Milan Galic at inside-right—these were exactly as at Belgrade, whilst Smailovic and Kovacevic were due merely to swop their No. 8 and No. 9 shirts, and Jusufi (who first attracted considerable favourable attention in the first Nations Cup competition) moved to right from left-back to accommodate the one newcomer, Braun. In the event, although the defence were "as advertised", there were three overnight changes in the forward line with Galic moving to centre-forward and Vojislav Melic and Zambata coming in at inside-left and right respectively.

Sweden, partly because of injuries, fielded an eleven drawn mainly from their *two* "A" teams of the previous month who played against Norway and Finland. The overall effect was that, with the exception of Hans Rosander at right-back, the Swedes put their faith in experience. Nyholm was in goal, of course; Lennart Wing at left-back and Orvar Bergmark, for more than seventy Internationals Sweden's peerless right-back, returned to duty at right-half. Johansson was centre-half and Haase Mild completed the defence—on paper at any rate although the appearance of the versatile Prawitz Oberg at inside-right hinted at Sweden's preparedness for dogged defence if the play demanded that. Of the remaining forwards, Agne Simonsson (CF) and Lennart Backman (now switched from left to right wing) had played for the senior "A" team in August and Harry Bild (IL) and Orjan Persson (OL) for the junior one.

Remaining

As it happened not until the final quarter of an hour were Sweden in a position to play the defensive game. Both sides had come close to scoring before Zambata got the first goal after twenty minutes' play following a misunderstanding between Nyholm and "Bajdoff" Johansson. On the half-hour, however, Orjan Persson, relishing his return to favour at outside-left, equalised for Sweden and it was the same player who put them in front after a quarter of an hour's play in the second half. Now it was the turn of Yugoslavia to hit back and within five minutes Galic had put the scores level again. Eight minutes later Harry Bild got the vital goal that has taken Sweden a stage further in the Nations Cup competition.

And Yugoslavia, the runners-up in 1960, are "out". Czechoslovakia, in third place then, were earlier eliminated by East Germany and the prospects do not appear over-bright for either of the two remaining "last four" countries, France, who had finished fourth, and the Soviet Union, the reigning champions. France, after confounding the form-book, by drawing away and winning easily at home against England, have stumbled yet again when facing Bulgaria. It was, of course, Bulgaria who eliminated France in the qualifying competition for the 1962 World Cup when, after France had won at home, the Bulgars won by the only goal of the match the return in Sofia to level the *results*—not the scores but aggregated scores did not settle the issue in the World Cup Qualifying group matches in Europe. A third match was therefore played—and again victory went to Bulgaria by the solitary goal of the match. France therefore had every reason to prepare in earnest for the match in Sofia—it offered them not only the chance to progress in the Nations Cup but also to revenge those World Cup defeats.

France, very conscious of their "complex" when meeting Bulgaria and, of course, making their usual firm distinction between a competitive International and a run-of-the-mill friendly one, made careful preselection preparations including trials between an "A" team and Standard Liege (the latter with their Champions Cup commitments were no doubt quite eager to provide the opposition) and between a "B" team and an Army XI. The results of such matches are less important to selectors than the performances of the players, individually and as a team, but for the record France "A", off to a good start with a goal after two minutes scored by trialist outside-left Jean-Louis Buron, beat Standard by three goals to two, and France "B" beat the Army 6-2. Despite the victories the final selection included two players not amongst the twenty-four (including substitutes) seen in the trials. These were Robuschi at outside-right and Artelesa as one of the twin centre-backs in the rough 4-2-4 formation that France adopted. Seven of the remaining players were from the trial "A" team and two, Michelin (the second centre-back) and Cossou, from the "B". The clever, coloured Cossou was used as centre-forward without great success.

Pierre Michelin and Artelesa, mentioned above, were both making their débuts for France in a Full International, and so too were Marcel Adamczyk at right-back and Jean-Louis Buron

● *Continued on page 6*

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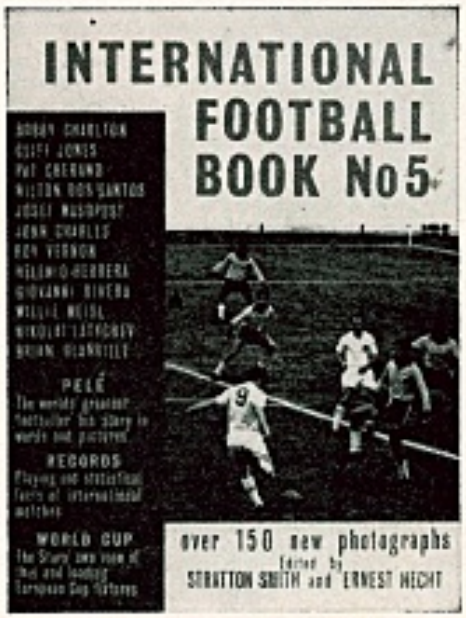

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INTERNATIONAL POST-MORTEM

by GORDON JEFFERY

● Continued from page 4

at outside-left. None of these can be regarded, however, as being young and inexperienced and, in fact, Artelesa and Michelin were, with the 'keeper Bernard and that excellent player Douis, the "stars" of the match for France. Buron had a fair début but Adamczyk was a little disappointing and it may be that, at the age of twenty-eight, opportunity has knocked too late at his door.

Had France scored, as they nearly did on more than one occasion, in the early stages of the match; had a Robuschi "goal" not been disallowed, this French team might have clicked as surely as a very different French eleven had done against England in Paris last February—but there was no Wisnieski to slip through the Bulgarian defence as that player had done against the unhappy Ron Henry on that occasion. Once again a single goal was sufficient to win the match for Bulgaria as it had been in October, 1959, in Sofia, in November, 1961, in Sofia and in December, 1961, in Milan—the one difference was that in those three earlier cases the vital goal had been scored in the second half (in the final couple of minutes in the first two matches). This time stocky Todor Diev got the winner in the twenty-fourth minute. Now, however, France can look towards the second leg knowing that a victory by two clear goals will be enough to take them into the quarter-finals. But will Bulgaria's strong defence concede two more goals than their own forwards can score? We shall know by October 27....

We shall know a fortnight before that what has happened to the holders, U.S.S.R., in their first match against Italy. This match in Moscow and the one in Rome on November 10 should rank amongst the classic clashes of European football.

We have had ample evidence of the high standard of the new Italian national team. We know far less about the present standard of the Soviet team but colleague Roger Macdonald tells me that he recently met Gavril Kachalin, the senior Soviet coach, and had the chance of a brief conversation from which Roger gathered that a number of matches had been played in private between national selections and leading Soviet club sides. And, as they get nearer to the match against Italy, the Soviet Union have played a friendly against Hungary. Eighty thousand spectators watched the one-all draw. Ivanov, apparently playing at centre-forward, scored for the Soviet Union halfway through the second period, and Machos (substituting for Mate Fenyvesi at outside-left) equalised for Hungary a quarter of an hour from the end. Both countries fielded a majority of established International players like Yashin, Dubinsky (recovered from his severe Chile injury), Voronin, Ivanov, Metreveli and Chislenko for the Soviet Union, and Meszoly, Sarosi, the evergreen Sandor, Gorocs, Tichy, Albert and Fenyvesi for Hungary.

Attention

Before wandering off into a preview of the USSR–Italy tie I did intend to make two comments on the Bulgarian line-up. First a cautionary note for the particular attention of readers who not only like to keep their own records of foreign players but who prefer them to be right! In goal for Bulgaria was Naidenov — but not CDNA's Georgi Naidenov making something like his fiftieth Full International appearance. This was Botev Plovdiv's Ivan Naidenov (styled by the Bulgarians as Naidenov II) who made his début earlier in the year against the Czechs when he came on as substitute for Naidenov I. My second comment is less a matter of fact than of pleasurable, personal feeling. There have been several rumours, with their germs of truth no doubt, that Ivan Kolev was off-form and out of favour. It was encouraging to see that, despite this, he was in his accustomed place at outside-left in Bulgaria's line-up. Kolev, and Todor Diev, are possibly the only two Bulgarian players on world class in what is essentially a well-knit but on the whole utilitarian side.

Two other European Nations Cup matches have been played in September and each ended, surprisingly, in a draw. The Netherlands with Pieters Graafland, Pronk, Swart, Groot, Van der Linden and Mouljin of their experienced players in the line-up, really should have beaten Luxembourg in a match played at Amsterdam and watched by forty thousand spectators. (The second leg will also be played in the Netherlands—in Rotterdam.) But then Portugal, with Eusebio making his International début, should also have beaten Luxembourg in their World Cup in October, 1961—and the Netherlands can take comfort from the fact that, unlike Portugal, they were not beaten! Their new cap, Nuninga, got off to a good International career by scoring after only five minutes' play, but that was the limit of the Netherlands' scoring and, after thirty-three minutes, inside-right May got Luxembourg's equaliser.

Another gallant result for little Luxembourg, but an even better achievement was, I think, the Republic of Ireland's goal-

All part of the Mediterranean games!

★

A "scene" from an international match between Spain and Turkey during the Mediterranean Games held in Naples. (Planet 1.)

★

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Some International League Tables and Results

SEPTEMBER 4

Poland (3) 9
Norway (0) 0

Poland: Kornek; Monica, Bazan; Suski, Oelizio, Blaut; Lubanski, Soltysik, Brychczy, Musialek, Faber.

Norway: Andersen; Hagen, Eggen; Johansen, Torsen, Gulden; Jensen, Petersen, Krogh, Nilsen, Seeaman.

East Germany (1) 1 (Nachtigall)
Bulgaria (1) 1 (Dermendjev)

East Germany: Heinsch; Urbazik, Wagner; Kankau, Unginger, Liebrecht; Nachtigall, Noeldner, Fraisdorf (Koerner), Kleininger, Stocker.

Bulgaria: Naidenov II; Methodiev, Voutsov; Jetchev (Kolev), Kitov, Velitchkov; Dermendjev (Kostov), Abadjev, Asparoukov, Yakimov, Debarski.

Irish League (0) 1 (Wilson)
Scottish League (1) 4 (Brand 2, Divers 2)

Irish League: Hunter; Parke, Campbell (Alan); McCullough, Campbell (Albert), Smith; Campbell (W.), Johnston, Wilson, Campbell (S.), Ferguson.

Scottish League: Herriott; Hamilton, Brown; Greig, McNeill, Baxter; Henderson, Roberts, Divers, Brand, Wilson.

SEPTEMBER 11
EUROPEAN NATIONS CUP

Holland (1) 1 (Nuninga)
Luxembourg (1) 1 (May)

Holland: Pietersgraafland; Haak, Ouderland; Schryvers, Pronk, Klassens; Schwartz, Groot, Nuninga, Van der Linden, Moulijn.

Luxembourg: Schmitt; Brenner, Hoffstetter; Fiedler, Brosius, Conter; Klein, May, Pelot, Schmidt, Hoffmann.

less draw against Austria in Vienna. It was only a little more than a year ago that Austria were flattering to deceive as the unlucky non-starters for the World Cup who, had they started, might, we were told, have been challengers for the top place! Since then they seem to have slipped badly with any shine they may have acquired from their April win over the Czechs well rubbed off by their display at Glasgow in May. Not that this need detract from the Republic's performance and if the second leg on October 13 is being played on that sloping, shorn graveyard of many a visiting player, Dalymount Park, their chance of reaching the quarter-final must be more than even. Getting release of players from English clubs can impede the Republic's chances of course, but let's hope most clubs follow Queen's Park Rangers' example. Q.P.R. are not always my cup of tea but I am delighted to end this month's review by noting today's news-item that tells me that "Q.P.R. have told Eire (*sic*) they will release centre-half Ray Brady for the match against Austria". Manager Alec Stock said: "This means Ray will miss our match at Mansfield the previous day. We need him for our promotion drive, but a cap is even more important." And so say, or should say, all of us!

SEPTEMBER 18
EUROPEAN NATIONS CUP

Sweden (1) 3 (Persson 2, Bild)
Yugoslavia (1) 2 (Zambata, Galic)

Sweden: Nyholm; Rosander, Bergmark; Johansson, Veng, Mild; Backman, Bild, Simonsson, Deberg, Persson.

Yugoslavia: Soskic; Jusufi, Perusic; Vasovic, Braun, Popovic; Samardzic, Zambata, Galic, Milic, Skoblar.

SEPTEMBER 22

Russia (0) 1 (Ivanov)
Hungary (0) 1 (Machos)

Russia: Yashin; Doubinsky, Choustikov; Kroutikov, Chesternev, Voronin; Logofet, Chislenko (Metreveli), Ivanov, Maliusejev, Khousainov.

Hungary: Szentmihalyi; Novak, Sarosi; Nagy, Meszoly, Nograti; Sandor, Gorocs, Albert, Tichy, Fenyvesi (Machos).

Poland (0) 0
Turkey (0) 0

Poland: Kornek; Monica, Bazan; Suski, Nieroba, Blaut; Brychczy, Soltysik, Lubanski, Musialek, Faber.

Turkey: Turgay; Candemir, Yalcin; Seref, Sabahattin, Kaya; Tarik, Suat (Metin), Birol, Senol, Vlachjnais.

SEPTEMBER 25
EUROPEAN NATIONS CUP

Austria (0) 0
Eire (0) 0

Austria: Fraydl; Vargo, Hasenkopf; Oslansky, Giechner, Koller; Flogel, Hof, Nemec, Fiala, Helmesel.

Eire: Kelly; Browne, Traynor; Brady, Hurley, McGrath; Giles, Whelan, Curtis, Fogarty, Tuohy.

SEPTEMBER 28

West Germany (0) 3 (Seeler 3)
Turkey (0) 0

West Germany: Fahrian; Nowak, Pott; Schulz, Wilden, Schmidt (Reisch); Libuda, Kramer, Seeler, Konietzka (Overath), Dorfel.

Turkey: Turgay; Candemir, Suruya; Seref, Sabahattin, Kaya; Tarik (Aydin), Suat, Senol, Birol, Ugur.

SEPTEMBER 29
EUROPEAN NATIONS CUP

Bulgaria (1) 1 (Diev)
France (0) 0

Bulgaria: Naidenov II; Chalamanov, Voutsov; Jetchev, Kitov, Dimitrov; Veltichkov, Diev, Asparoukov, Yakimov, Kolev.

France: Bernard; Adamczyk, Choeda; Michelin, Artelesa, Bonnel; Theo, Robuschi, Douis, Cossou, Buron.

EUROPEAN CHAMPIONS CUP

Partizan Belgrade 3 Anorthosis 0; Everton 0 Inter-Milan 0; Inter-Milan 1 Everton 0; Dukla 6 Valletta 0; Distillery 3 Benfica 3; PSV Eindhoven 4 Esbjerg 3; Dynamo Bucharest 2 Motor Jena 0; Motor Jena 0 Dynamo Bucharest 1; Galatasaray 4 Ferencvaros 0; Dundalk 0 Zurich 3; Zurich 1 Dundalk 2; Monaco 7 AEK Athens 2; Standard Liege 1 Norrkoping 0; Rangers 0 Real Madrid 1; Ski-eg-Lyn 2 Borussia Dortmund 4; Gornik Zabrze 1 FK Austria 0; Partizan Tirana 1 Spartak Plovdiv 0.

EUROPEAN CUP WINNERS CUP

HSV Hamburg 4 U.S. Luxembourg 0; Olympiakos 2 VKS Zaglebie 1; Willem II 1 Manchester United 1; Atalanta 2 Sporting 0; Sliema Wanderers 0 Borough United 0; Fenerbahce 4 Petrolul Ploesti 1; Gjoevik Lyn 0 Apoel 1; Apoel 4 Gjoevik Lyn 0; Shelbourne 0 Barcelona 2.

BALKAN CUP FINAL

Olympiakos 1 Levski 0.

MISCELLANEOUS FRIENDLIES

Morocco 1 Reims 4.
Racing Club Paris 8 Stuttgart Kickers 1.
France 3 Standard Liege 2.
France "B" 6 French Army 2.

MEXICO

	Pld.	Pts.
America	11	16
Monterrey	11	15
Necaxa	11	13
Atlas	11	13
Guadalajara	11	13
Universidad	11	12
Leon	11	11
Oro	11	11
Irapuato	11	11
Toluca	11	10
Morelia	11	9
Zacatepec	11	8
Atlante	11	6
Nacional	11	6

SWEDEN

	Pld.	Pts.
Norrkoping	20	29
Malmo	20	25
AIK	20	25
Degerfors	20	25
Djurgaarden	20	25
IFK Goteborg	20	22
Orgryte	20	19
Orebro	20	18
Helsingborg	20	17
Elfsborg	20	16
Hammarby	20	14
Halmia	20	5

OLYMPIC GAMES PRELIMINARIES

Poland 2 Czechoslovakia 0; Iceland 0 Great Britain 6; Great Britain 4 Iceland 0; East Germany 3 West Germany 0; Czechoslovakia 4 France 0.

SOUTH AMERICAN CUP FINAL

Santos 3 Boca Juniors 2; Boca Juniors 1 Santos 2.

CADIZ TOURNAMENT

Benfica 7 Fiorentina 3.

INDIAN OCEAN CUP

Won by Madagascar.

ITALY

	Pld.	Pts.
Bologna	4	6
Juventus	4	6
AC Milan	4	6
Lazio	4	6
Fiorentina	4	5
Lanerossi	4	5
Inter-Milan	3	4
AS Roma	4	4
Atalanta	4	4
Torino	3	3
Genoa	4	3
Mantova	4	3
Cantania	4	3
Messina	4	3
Modena	4	3
Sampdoria	4	2
Ferrare	4	2
Bari	4	2

EIRE

	Pld.	Pts.
Dundalk	6	11
Shelbourne	6	9
Waterford	6	8
Shamrock Rovers	6	8
Cork Celtic	6	7
Drumcondra	6	7
St. Patricks	6	6
Limerick	6	6
Drogheda	6	5
Sligo Rovers	6	2
Bohemians	6	2
Cork Hibernians	6	1

INTER-CITIES FAIRS CUP

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Defence dominated matches are becoming more and more prevalent — does it need a change of rule to combat it?

THIS NEGATIVE APPROACH MUST BE PREVENTED

writes

BRIAN GLANVILLE

ANTI-FOOTBALL is what Internazionale played at Liverpool against Everton, in the European Cup, and what Everton played in Milan against Internazionale. Neither, as the away team, made the smallest attempt to win. Their one concern was to limit the score, an objective in which Inter succeeded wholly and Everton very nearly. Nearly, but not quite, which is as fatal and decisive as absolute failure.

Nevertheless, the spectacle of two highly expensive teams, packed with footballers of world renown, descending to negative, destructive football was a lamentable one. It wholly gave the lie to John Charles's recent, optimistic statement that the only defensive football in the Italian Championship was played by the little teams at the bottom of the table, struggling for points against the big ones. Indeed, one recalls an inter-city derby between Inter and Milan, a couple of seasons ago in which, to the general disgust, almost the whole game was played in midfield, each side having shut up shop, defensively, against the other.

Sterile

Clearly this phenomenon is with us to stay, in the European Cup; and alas, not only there. The international match, some weeks ago, between East Germany and Bulgaria was just as sterile, just as grim. This time, the Bulgars were to blame. They went out for a draw and they got it — 1-1 — yet there was nothing at stake, the match was allegedly a friendly match, which Bulgaria could well have used as a stalking horse for their European Nations Cup games due against France. One was reminded of the dire pronouncement of a French critic, not long ago, when he said that we were now confronted with two wholly different kinds of football; the spectacular and the competitive. It was useless to expect spectacle from a competitive game; one must approach it with quite different criteria. What mattered there was struggle, the ultimate result, even if the process of reaching it was not an attractive one.

Was he right? If I thought he was, I would seek some other profession, yet there is sufficient basis to his argument to make one shudder for the future of the game. Real Madrid and Benfica, however, the two dominant and most illustrious clubs of the European Cup, achieved their success through attacking, progressive football. Real, indeed, were never—in their heyday—too worried about giving goals away. In the superb 1960 Final at Hampden, did they not concede three against Eintracht, including the early—and potentially traumatic—first? And did they not reply with ... seven? And who, that was present, can ever forget the superb Final between Real and Benfica in Amsterdam, when eight goals were scored and Benfica, this time, brushed off not a one goal but a *two* goal deficit?

Last season saw a different, less successful Benfica, under a new manager, Fernando Riera. Going over to 4-2-4, making use of two vigorous young centre-half backs to make up for the loss of the inimitable Germano, they closed up like clams away from home, and lost their old attacking flair and brio. Milan outdid them at that game, putting out a false winger — inside-forward or half-back Pivatelli—in the Final, and closing up in defence, despite holding a decisive lead, both at Ipswich and Dundee. Shameful when one considers the talent they had at their disposal; but all the more significant for that. If the richly endowed side plays cowering, defensive football, what can one expect from the lesser teams?

Alarming

The last World Cup, however, provided the most shameful and alarming example of all. How one suffered through those dreary qualifying group matches, in which cautious teams massed eight or even nine men in defence, to make the consequent games an affront to the eye. Bulgaria offended as badly as ever, packing the defence against Argentine, using a double centre-half and scarcely bothering to attack, against England—though a breakaway by Kolev at the end might easily have brought the winning goal. The Hungarians used Rakosi, a nominal inside-right, as nothing more or less than a bodyguard for Johnny Haynes. Germany, against Chile, employed Horst Szymaniak just as Inter did as Everton; as an extra half-back, masquerading as an inside-forward (he was a "winger", of course, at Everton). Germany won 2-0 that day—on breakaways, but it was a travesty of football, and of justice.

Consequently

Just as one was beginning to despair, things suddenly got better in the quarter- and semi-finals. These were matches which had to be won, and consequently most of the teams went out to win them, by attacking. Yet the lesson of it all was plain. Iron curtain defences could be almost impossible to breach, and even if they *could* be penetrated, the process of penetration must be stark and tedious. In this way, football could wither and die, becoming in the process something like the American game, with its obsession for tactics, and its heavy emphasis on violence.

There are, of course, methods whereby a massed defence can be sprung. Noel Cantwell, that highly intelligent footballer, who will in time become a highly intelligent manager, was adumbrating some of them to me after watching Everton draw at home with Inter. He would have liked to see the "free" Everton right-back more skilfully used—sent through to the byline to pull the ball back, rather than lofting it into a grateful goalmouth — while he felt that Inter's man to man marking could be undermined if Scott had taken the full-back with him, into the middle—leaving the whole right flank free.

He may well have been right; Everton, undoubtedly, played a naïve game at Goodison. Yet even if they are not to be exculpated, this isn't, in any real sense, football, not what the game is about, the game which has conquered and enchanted the world.

Pictured here is Fernando Riera, Chilean-born coach, who guided Benfica to the European Cup Final, relying on a defensive minded 4-2-4 system. (O.)

Which leads one to ask what is to be done. Should matters be left as they are, left to the discretion of individual clubs, managers, directors, while international competitions grow in scope and importance and the pressure for results becomes more intense? Or can there be some positive action? Is it time for another change in the rules?

There has been, of course, no major alteration since 1925, when the doings of McCracken and Hudspeth led to a change in the offside law. Some have suggested that the offside law be abolished altogether, which seems to me absurd. Cutting down the number of defenders from three to two, in 1925, was perhaps necessary, but it merely led, after a flurry of goal scoring, an orgy among the forwards, to counter revolution; a tighter concentration on defence.

● *Continued on page 36*

Contenders for the honours in Ireland discussed

CRUSADERS MAY FACE A HAPPY FUTURE

Colin McAlpin reports

THE opening games of the 1963-64 season saw gates up on the same period last year — not up by much but every little helps. Television, for long the enemy of association football, seems at last to have run itself into the ground as far as "entertainment" is concerned and men have at last decided to leave wrestling to retired school marms and the missus.

And if the opening games I saw are anything to go by this season might be a little brighter than some of the past. Take for instance the games in the Ulster Cup. At the time of writing all I know is that Crusaders will meet Glenavon but of course by the time you read this the final will be just another part of Ulster soccer history and the City Cup could be reaching the final stages. Bear with me, however, while I repeat impressions formed from watching some of those early games.

I shall take the two section winners as examples. First Glenavon. This Lurgan side certainly set their section on fire from the opening games. As I said in a recent *Soccer Star* issue, before the season started I suspected their defence would be a little suspect but it has surprised me. All round this team has what it takes to lift the League proper when it starts later this year. Some years ago, when they were Ulster's representatives in the European Cup for the first time, Glenavon were the club to fear, then they hit a lean spell — now they are on the crest of success and look capable of holding their top place.

Problem

Over at Seaview it is a completely new-look Crusaders who came out of the summer to slam Ballymena United ten goals. They hit Derry City for five and Linfield for four—despite being a thirteenth minute goal down. Here I had a feeling that the forwards would be the problem at Seaview and again I was proved wrong for they have found little trouble in getting the goals. The Hatchet Men have had too long in the shadows as the poor relations of the city clubs. They did win this cup in the early 'fifties when they beat Linfield 2-1 at Solitude — home of Cliftonville. They have only one other trophy win to their credit and that is the County Antrim Shield — here they again beat Linfield 2-1 at Solitude in the late 'fifties. Between and since their wins they have had too many ups and downs. This new side had a great start and all fans down the Shore Road are hoping they can carry on for the coming months. It will be interesting to see what progress these clubs make before May.

With the few games I have seen I think I should do what I did last season and give a short review of the hopes and aspirations of all twelve Irish League clubs. Again as I did last year I shall take them from A to Z and — I hope — offend nobody.

Ards — A team that can hit the heights and plumb the depths from week to week. Their heights have included a win over Distillery, League champions. They brought back their reserves for this season and this will add stability to the team and provide a much-needed pool of players to draw on. Johnny Neilson, manager, is going all out for experienced men rather than building up from scratch. Ards, I feel, will be a team of steady plodders who will chalk up the odd shock victory without doing much apart. Perhaps towards the end of the season a new sign of good-things could come back to Castlereagh Park for remember Ards were once in the European Cup themselves in the days of George Eastham.

Bangor — Even allowing for last season's appearance in the County Antrim Shield final the seasiders have not had a happy history. One of the perpetual league-proppers I do not see anything better for Bangor supporters for this season at any rate. True the signing of powerhouse Matt Nixon from Crusaders might bring some fire to the side but I still reserve judgement on their prospects.

Ballymena United — No doubt the mid-Antrim team are still smarting from the ten goal drubbing from Crusaders and still not fully recovered from the departure of Twentyman and Halliday. Even so there are goodish players left at the Show Grounds and if they don't win all the cups they should finish about mid-way up the table as they did last term. New boss Tommy Houston is in for some soul-searching moments.

Cliftonville — Last season the gallant Reds proved that if they get down to it they can win games. Norman Kernaghan worked on a "plan" for last term and one supposes he can work on another for 1963-64. But like all things success brought departures for now the Reds are reduced to old-timers and untried youngsters. The future is still going to be much the same as the past — failures all the way. Still one plan worked and another could do the same again. I for one am hoping it will.

Crusaders — Well I have said enough about the Crusaders. A hard-working side who would never claim to be soccer masters or the fancy team of the league. Watch out for the Seaview boys this term. Their start promises much and if they can keep this up the future could be a happy one.

Coleraine—Perhaps the Bannsiders might be good outsiders for some of the honours. It has taken manager Bertie Peacock two seasons to get Coleraine into some sort of shape. Some good names have been obtained but it is in the reserves that the weakness lies.

● *Continued on page 29*

Bobby Braithwaite, the new outside-left for Middlesbrough F.C. (in the distance) sends all the Plymouth Argyle defence the wrong way with this centre but the ball just goes over the bar. He is one of the players sorely missed by Linfield this season. (L.I.)

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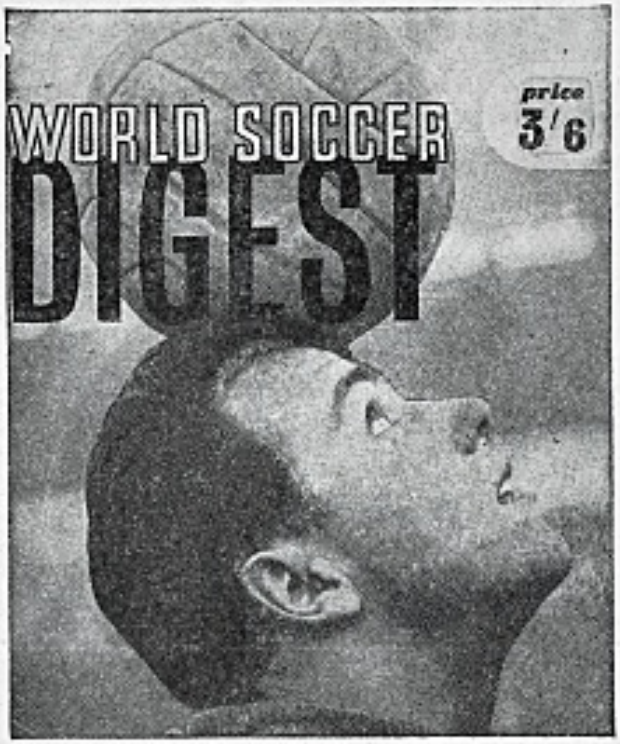

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SLIEMA FAIL TO TAKE ADVANTAGE

AT the Empire Stadium, Gzira, Malta, before a crowd of well over 15,000, Sliema Wanderers F.C. were held to a goal-less draw by Borough United in the first leg between these two sides.

This opening leg in the European Cup involving Sliema Wanderers for the first time, turned out to be a disappointment for the local club whom it was commonly thought would have turned the opportunity to good advantage. Moreover, Borough United only turned up for the match a few hours before the start as their chartered aeroplane was delayed by engine trouble at Marseilles.

MALTESE NEWS by ARTHUR J. LEAVER

Whilst the first half of the match was evenly fought with both sides coming near to scoring, the second half turned out to be more in favour of the Wanderers who went all out to make headway and score only to find their efforts blocked either by the fine goalkeeping of Walker or a solid defence phalanx with Owen the centre-half very prominent. Sliema did come near to scoring especially in the first half when Walker made a miraculous save off a close range shot by S. Nicholl, Sliema's outside-left. Borough can claim, too, that the Sliema post came to the rescue of the opposing side when Pritchard hit the bar with goalie Debono of Sliema beaten.

Forced

Adopting a close passing pattern of play the Wanderers could not force their way through the Borough lines although they tried time and again and had shots at goal, forced corners and had free kicks given in their favour. Borough U. stuck to their much earned draw to the end.

The game was controlled by Italian referee Sig. Sbardella, who deputised, at short notice, for the Bulgarian officials who could not make the journey to Malta in time. Assisting the Italian referee were two Maltese referees acting as linesmen, they were Messrs. Bonnett and Cassar Naudi, both on the F.I.F.A. panel.

Stifling

The weather was overcast and there was a stifling Scirocc wind blowing throughout the match but this did not deter both teams from playing at a fast pace. On the whole it was an evenly fought clean game with the Wanderers just failing to make the issue safe especially during the last fifteen minutes of the game, when Harrison of Borough saved on the line with Walker the goalie beaten.

Borough United had a comfortable 2-0 win in the second leg played at Wrexham, North Wales.

Both the teams had to make changes from their normal formation. The Wanderers had to make changes by shifting Falzon from half-back to full-back, in lieu of their international right full-back, Jos. Bonnici, who broke his wrist in training. Borough on the other hand had to play Bolton in place of the injured regular left wing, McLaughlin.

Fighting bravely

On the same day that Sliema were drawing with Borough (0-0), in Malta, another Maltese football side was fighting bravely against the International studded team of Dukla in Prague. This Maltese team was Valletta, the local league champions, who succumbed to the might of Czechoslovakia to the tune of 6 goals to 0, before a crowd of 20,000 spectators.

In the first half, the Czechs scored two quick goals within five minutes early in the game, through Kucera and Safranek — the latter through a free kick.

In the second half, Dukla repeated a similar onslaught within the first sixteen minutes of the game, with three goals scored by Kucera, Jelinek and Brumovsky. Towards the end of the game, Kucera scored his side's sixth goal to make a personal hat-trick.

Poor form

The Malta team had their Irish international goalkeeper Tommy Taylor not in his best form.

In the second leg of the tie at the Empire Stadium Dukla Prague won 2-0 before a capacity crowd. The Maltese side made their exit not only with grace but with distinction.

The French Scene

by JERRY WEINSTEIN

KOPA OUT OF THE SELECTORS EYE

Among the F.I.F.A. list for Wembley but not wanted for France

● PARIS NEWSLETTER ●

RAYMOND Kopa is angry and when that happens everybody knows. Having been chosen amongst the possibles from whom the final team for the F.I.F.A. v. England match will be selected, he was promptly dropped from the French national team. It could, of course, be argued that the choice of Kopa for the world side possibles is a recognition that he has been an outstanding player at world level for more than a decade. I recall his part in the astonishing 4-1 defeat of Great Britain at Belfast by a Rest of Europe XI in 1955, a British side which included, by the way, McIlroy, Matthews, John Charles and Danny Blanchflower.

Be that as it may, French selector Georges Verriest and team manager Henri Guerin seem determined to build a French team on the principle of 4-2-4 and there is no place in that combination, they argue, for a player of Kopa's type. This is a sad comment on the system! In any event, the team for the vital European Nations' Cup match in Sofia has a fresh look. Against the Bulgarians who eliminated France from the last World Cup, the French line-up read: Bernard (St. Etienne); Adamczyck (Lille), Michelin (Sedan), Artelesa (Monaco), Chorda (Bordeaux); Herbin (St. Etienne), Theo (Monaco); Robuschi (Bordeaux), Douis (Monaco), Cossou (Monaco) and Buron (Rouen).

Preparation

It is to be noted that Wisnieski, now playing with Sampdoria in Italy, was originally chosen, but, as I forecast, his club will not release him for the pre-match training and so the French selectors, powerless, have given up trying to remind the Italian F.A. of the agreement conditioning Wisnieski's transfer, namely, that he should be released for France's international matches, including preparation.

This French side is workmanlike. Notable absentees, apart from Kopa, are André Lerond, now retired from football, and Maryan, the wing-half who has dismally failed to find any form this season with his new club, Stade Français. It is also the first time that I can remember a French side with no player from Reims. New caps are Artelesa, a solid centre-half, and Michelin, both young players, sound and enthusiastic. You will note that I have set out the team in the form of 4-2-4 — for this is how the team will play and one might as well give up the old idea of three half-backs. I have long favoured the French style of putting in print, in the classical modern third-back game, three backs and two wing-halves. Now we are right up to date, though I confess naïvely that I should be far happier when I can write the team as 1-3-7!!!!

Administered

The League games have got off to an extraordinary start. By the third week of September, after only four matches, not one unbeaten side was left: A very odd start for Monaco; near the foot of the League table, but with the 7-2 thrashing administered in the European Cup first round, played at Nice, to A.E.K. of Athens — (Cosson scored four goals!) — one understands their determination to concentrate on the European scene this season. This also accounts for the selection of four Monégasques against Bulgaria. Bad start for neighbours Nice who have been in deep water. The manager and board have resigned and for the moment an *ad hoc* group appointed by the local town council are handling the affairs of the club. Just Fontaine has suggested that the Players' Union would be ready to take over the club, at least temporarily, but I cannot see this offer being accepted. Surprise team of the season have been Toulouse but although there is a general levelling process with every team having got at least one point, I think the pace will not last. I expect St. Etienne, once again in the supremely capable hands of Jean Snella, Monaco (Douis was not in the end transferred to Italy) with a new manager, and Bordeaux to lead the way.

An interesting new job for Jackie Faivre, former French international and live-wire forward, who was placed on the transfer list by St. Etienne in the summer. He has signed a contract to act as a croupier in a Casion. St. Etienne supporters will certainly regret his departure; playing in only half the matches last season, when the club won promotion, he was second leading goalscorer. He'll certainly make more money as a croupier and may yet finish up in Monte Carlo, and, who knows, he could perhaps one day be of use to Monaco?

Di Nallo (right) the young French international hope attempts to elude a Hungarian opponent in the game at the Colombes Stadium last year. (Planet.)

South American Commentary on the current Latin scene

GARRINCHA AND PELE ARE IN THE NEWS

By GORDON JEFFERY

PERISH that thought! No, never be it said that the conflicts of that somewhat disappointing European tour had awed the soul of Pelé. Conscience, avaunt, Pelé's himself again! Or, at least, he was in the second, and deciding, of Santos's South American Champions Cup matches against their fellow Brazilian club, Botafogo. The latter unfortunately were again without the services of the 1962 World Cup "star", Garrincha, who has been involved in a succession of conflicts, on and off the field, for and against his club, for much of 1963. The latest report is of Garrincha driving his car into a bus — a curious similarity with the accident that blunted Pelé's effectiveness on Brazil's European tour and robbed English fans of the chance of seeing him in action at Wembley. Public conveyance vehicles seem to be a particular menace to Brazilian star footballers!

I feel that I have become inured to talk of crises in South American football and tend nowadays to let them blow themselves out. As I start making this monthly report I have a number of cuttings in various languages around me — and amongst them is a long despatch from Rio de Janeiro of "Brazilian Football in a State of Crisis" — and another, one week later, from Montevideo announcing rumours of bribery and corruption in Uruguayan soccer. I suppose a foreigner reading some of the British newspapers would also get a distorted view of English and Scottish football — until he looked at the attendances and, had he but the slightest imagination, realised the massive breadth of support that shows not the faintest sign of declining!

Pelé and Garrincha naturally feature in most of the rumours that buzz around Brazil and flit elsewhere in the Latin American countries. The latest re Pelé are that he intends soon to retire from first class football — it has not been said whether this is to enable him to cultivate his garden, or to contemplate his navel. An alternate version is that his club, Santos, may disband their present professional team and loan Pelé to Botafogo for a year — at a price, of course!

The manner in which Santos disposed of Botafogo in the semi-final of the South American equivalent to our European Champions Cup scarcely suggests, however, that Santos are contemplating renouncing their throne as the world's champion club! (They may, of course, find the current European Champions, Milan, a harder nut to crack than were Benfica last year.)

The South American competition as a whole failed to capture anything like the sustained interest of its European counterpart. In Europe, outside perhaps of the still largely insular-minded Britain, football fans everywhere are keenly interested in the European Champions Cup competition *as a whole* and not simply as it affects their national representative. Even in Britain, thanks a great deal I think to the constant coverage given by both WORLD SOCCER and *Soccer Star*, and to the efforts of writers and commentators as Brian Glanville and Kenneth Wolstenholme who, in their different fields of press, radio and television, consistently show aspects of the game as a whole and not, as are some lesser sports, as a solely British pastime, some of the national newspapers and most of the annuals are taking a wider interest in the competition.

Bolivian champions

In South America, perhaps because the Argentinian-Brazilian-Uruguayan axis is so much stronger than the rest of the continent, interest does not really quicken in those countries until the semi-final stages when their clubs come into opposition. That they avoid each other before the semi-finals is guaranteed by the playing of the earlier stages on a group basis. These, this season, put the Brazilian entry, Botafogo (the Rio champions), in a group with Alianza of Peru and Millonarios of Colombia; Penarol, the Uruguayan champions, with Everest of Ecuador and the Bolivian champions; and the Argentinian champions, Boca Juniors, with Olimpia of Paraguay and the Universidad de Chile.

Penarol, on paper and in practice, had much the easier task of qualifying for a place in the semi-finals where the three group winners were joined by Santos, the holders (and the Sao Paulo region champions of Brazil), and their task was made easier by the non-participation of the Bolivian champions. Bolivia, not without some reason, felt that Uruguay had let them down in the South American (national) Championships. Penarol thus had no more to do than saunter to a five-nil win in Ecuador and an even more emphatic 9-1 victory at home.

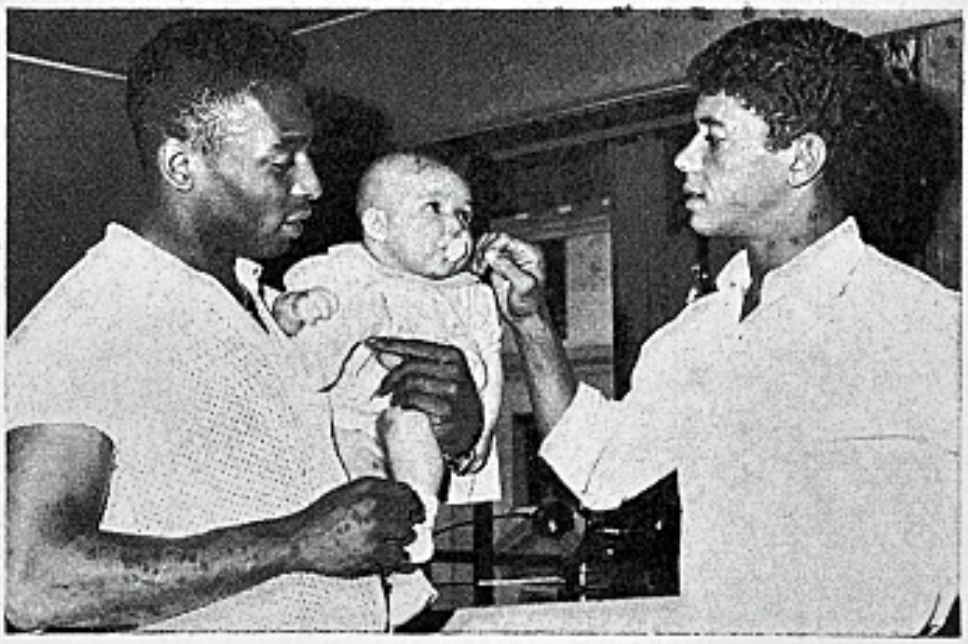
Boca Juniors have been disappointing in their Argentinian Championship matches this season and, on paper, seemed likely to be troubled by a Universidad de Chile team sprinkled still with several of the stars of Chile's third placed team in the 1962 World Cup. In fact they were more troubled by the Asuncion club, Olimpia of Paraguay, who — in the opening match of the entire competition — beat Boca Juniors by one goal to nil.

Boca regained their lost ground a week later when, at home in Buenos Aires, they won the return match by five goals to three. No further matches were played in the group for a couple of months: then a still fumbling Boca Juniors gained a narrow victory in Buenos Aires with outside-left, Gonzalez. The teams for this match were:

Boca Juniors: Roma; Edson, Marzolini; Orlando (Simeone), Novarini (Orlando), Rattin; Corbatta, Angel Rojas, Menendez, Sanfilippo and Gonzalez.

Universidad de Chile: Pacheo; Villanueva, Navarro; Contreras, Donoso, Moris; O. Rojas, Alvarez, Campos, Sepulveda and Marcos.

The next match played saw Universidad de Chile at home in Santiago for the first time in this season's competition and they



Infant held in Pele's arms is Chilean Gabriela Andra whose parents asked the Brazilian star to be her godfather. Amarildo (right) steals some of the young lady's affection here. (Planet.)

Menaced by Boca centre-forward Menendez (dark shirt), Santos goalkeeper Gilmar punches over the bar for a corner. Gordon Jeffery reports on the two-legged final of this South American Cup Final elsewhere in this issue. (Planet.)

fairly comfortably beat Olimpia by four goals to one but, just one week later, the Paraguayan club playing at home in Asuncion had their revenge. Thus with Universidad against Boca at Santiago the sole remaining fixture in the group, victories had gone throughout with "service". Boca Juniors had four points from their two home matches but had lost in Asuncion. Olimpia likewise had four points from their two home matches but had lost both their away ones, and Universidad had two points from their sole home match and nil points from their matches in Buenos Aires and Asuncion.

Now, however, in the final and vital match the sequence was beaten as Boca's greater experience, and their improvement during the domestic Argentinian season, enabled them to gain an odd goal in five victory over U. de Chile in Santiago. There were a number of changes in both teams from the line-ups of the previous month. For Universidad de Chile, Astorga was in goal in place of Rene Pacheo and the young, but battle-tried, Eyzaguirre was in his familiar place as the back partner with Sergio Navarro, whilst the defensive device of playing (or listing) Sepulveda as a forward was abandoned for the home match as he dropped back to left-half with Ruben Marcos moving inside and Sanchez playing at outside-left.

For Boca, Edson and Novarini dropped out of the defence with Simeone, substitute for the earlier match, and Silvero coming in; and in the forward line, Grillo was at outside-right and the Brazilian, Valentim, at centre-forward. And one further change — Errea for Roma in goal. I mention this change particularly because I understand that a recent article by Brian Glanville in WORLD SOCCER about goalkeepers has been noted with keen interest by some of our Argentinian readers who feel, perhaps with a judgement tempered a little with some national pride, that good as is Brazil's Gilmar, River Plate's veteran 'keeper, Amadeo Carrizo, and Boca's Errea, are both even better.

Hero of Boca's victory was Sanfilippo, who scored all three of their goals. He was also sent off — but so too were Contreras and Leonel Sanchez of Universidad and, in the last minute, Grillo! The opening goal went to the Chileans when Campos scored in the eleventh minute. Sanfilippo equalised one minute later but Campos again put Universidad in front before the interval. Boca's decisive spell came in the early part of the second half as Sanfilippo completed his hat-trick in the fifty-second and fifty-third minutes — the fun and the games, and the expulsions followed.

Boca's victory left them clear leaders of their group and they travelled to Montevideo to meet Penarol at the Centenario Stadium in the first leg of the semi-finals. And shocked the Uruguayan fans by gaining an odd goal in three victory. Boca started off very well and seem to have deserved their one-goal, scored by Valentim, interval lead but after the resumption Penarol played much more like the team that had been the world champions before Santos. It was no surprise when Rocha equalised in the seventy-first minute. It was a surprise when, two minutes from time, Valentim popped up to snatch a win for Boca. The Argentinian club's victory in Uruguay was the spur needed to bring the crowd, and the cash, to the "Bombonera" or chocolate box, as Boca's ground is called. The attendance was sixty-five thousand and tickets to stand on the terraces were priced at approximately five, ten and fifteen shillings, whilst the cost of seats were twenty-five shillings and three pounds. The match, unfortunately, scarcely lived up to expectations but with Sanfilippo scoring the only goal, Boca's more partisan fans were no doubt satisfied. The more discerning noted only the disappointing lack of finish to Penarol's fairly constant attacks — and the promising play of their full-back, Matosas.

SOUTH AMERICAN CHAMPIONS CUP

Section One

Alianza (Peru)	0	Millonarios (Col.)	0
Millonarios	0	Alianza	1
Alianza	0	Botafogo (Brazil)	1
Millonarios	0	Botafogo	2
Botafogo	2	Alianza	1

(Millonarios declined to travel to Brazil to play Botafogo in the final match and a win was credited to the Rio club.)

FINAL POSITIONS

	P.	W.	D.	L.	F.	A.	Ps.
Botafogo	4	4	0	0	5	1	8
Alianza	4	1	1	2	2	3	3
Millonarios	4	0	1	3	0	3	1

Section Two

(The Bolivia champions did not take part.)

Everest (Ecuador)	0	Penarol (Uruguay)	5
Penarol	9	Everest	1

FINAL POSITIONS

	P.	W.	D.	L.	F.	A.	Ps.
Penarol	2	2	0	0	14	1	4
Everest	2	0	0	2	1	14	0

Section Three

Olimpia (Parag'y)	1	Boca Jun. (Arg.)	0
Boca Juniors	5	Olimpia	3
Boca Juniors	1	Univ. de Chile	0
Univ. de Chile	4	Olimpia	1
Olimpia	2	Univ. de Chile	1
Univ. de Chile	2	Boca Juniors	3

FINAL POSITIONS

	P.	W.	D.	L.	F.	A.	Ps.
Boca Juniors	4	3	0	1	9	6	6
Olimpia	4	2	0	2	7	10	4
Univ. de Chile	4	1	0	3	7	7	2

Semi-Finals

(3 Section winners and the holders, Santos [Brazil])

Penarol	1	Boca Juniors	2
Boca Juniors	1	Penarol	0
Santos	1	Botafogo	1
Botafogo	0	Santos	4

Final (Two legs)

Santos		Boca Juniors	
Boca Juniors		Santos	

Opponents

On the same day, incidentally, the current Argentinian League leaders, River Plate, were playing a friendly match in Asuncion against a Paraguayan national selection that included two of the players who had shown up well in Olimpia's South American Cup matches, Echague and Lezcano. River won the match by three goals to two but that, in view of River's good form this season, seems to me to add up to a promising display by Paraguay, a country over-shadowed almost to the point of obscurity by the big boys of South American soccer these days. For possible future reference the Paraguayan line-up seems worth recording: Gonzalez; Breglia, Bobadilla; Echague, Calonga, Lezcano; Baez, Quinones (Leiva), Baciano Rojas, Mora and Pavon.

Meanwhile as Boca earned their place

● *Continued on page 29*

Dumbarton full-back Andy Jardine clears off the line after goalkeeper Tommy Fleck and wing-half John Kilgannon have been beaten by a shot from Morton's dangerous inside-left Allan McGraw (right of picture in white strip). McGraw has again figured prominently in the Second Division club's goalscoring list. (M.P.I.)

Scotland's ace Second Division club with "gates" the envy of First Division teams

AMBITIOUS MORTON ARE RIDING HIGH

SCOTTISH VIEWPOINT by JOHN STONE

LIKE most people, I considered it far from fair when go-ahead Greenock Morton, possibly the most exciting club in Scottish football at present, were refused permission before the season's start to play hosts to Stoke City in a charity match.

Normally the play — like the initiative — of most Scottish Second Division sides is catastrophically dull: attendances at most grounds, often as low as 1,000, emphasise the mediocrity of play.

But not at Cappielow Park, neat and tidy home of ambitious Morton.

There, the emphasis is on improvement. All in Greenock are striving to push the club back into the game's forefront, and fate will indeed be cruel if it in any way tries to baulk this drive.

To me, the Scottish Football Association might not have been quite cruel in refusing Morton permission to meet the Stoke City side of so many talents, but their action was hardly conducive to one of encouragement for a side striving so dramatically to re-emerge from the years of famine, fit and well able to hold their heads high in Scottish soccer's Debret.

The Greenock renaissance might have been crushed completely by the short-sightedness of that single decision; Morton would have been justified in feeling specially singled out for ill-treatment, considering the S.F.A. announced, in refusing to allow the Stoke match, that only established charity games, like those in Edinburgh and Paisley, and of course the Glasgow Select v. Manchester United clash at Hampden, could be permitted.

Would one other match have made so much difference? I think not. Indeed, had permission been readily forthcoming, it would have been appreciated more by the men who run Morton than by any other set of directors in the land.

Depression

Mr. Hal Stewart, a tobacco factory executive, is the man who has given Morton the kiss of life. For years the once-proud Cappielow team, without its Billy Steel, Tommy Orr, Neil Mochan and, perhaps, most famous of all — Jimmy Cowan — struggled pitifully to establish an even respectable mid-table position in the Second Division. So bad was the soccer depression, even three short years ago, that fans went to the junior grade, to Greenock Juniors in fact, for their football entertainment.

Mr. Stewart, a small, neat man with a flair for organisation — even to the compèring of sports-flavoured variety concerts — had no quarrel with his Junior neighbours. But rightly, he considered the senior side should be the town's leading team and he set out to make it so.

The pre-season S.F.A. refusal to allow Stoke to raise the curtain on the current campaign has been the only set-back so far, with Morton now regarded not simply as the Rangers of the Second Division, but as one of Scotland's most progressive sides.

They refuse to accept defeat, no matter the circumstances. If Morton's sights are set on a particular target, that is what they will get.

And that is why Stoke City will still play at Cappielow, and before the current season is out.

I have that on the best possible authority — from Mr. Tony Waddington, the man who has done for Stoke what Hal Stewart will do for Morton.

Waddington, like many other clubs in England, knows all about the fanatical desire that has grown in Greenock of late to bring top class soccer back to the town after a too-long absence. He, and his star-spangled Stoke side will attempt to do what they can to see the scheme carried through to a successful climax.

Recently I spoke to Mr. Waddington about the postponed charity match and, as in most things, his answers were frank.

Why, many people might ask, has this bond of appreciation grown between the two clubs, similar in so many respects

SANTOS GAIN TITLE

A Gordon Jeffery postscript

WITH home and away victories over Boca Juniors in the final, Santos, the club of Pelé, have retained the South American Champions Cup. One hundred and eighty minutes of play but, in truth, the glory belonged to a devastating short spell of superb football in the first half of the first leg played, not at Santos or Sao Paulo, but at Rio.

Perhaps for the first time since the end of Brazil's 1962-63 domestic season, Zito and Pelé were both at their best in this opening half-hour. Pelé, playing deeper than usual, was closely watched of course —and chunky Coutinho revelled in the consequential little accustomed freedom. It was Coutinho who opened the scoring after eighteen minutes and Coutinho again who added a second two minutes later. Lima added a third goal for Santos eight minutes later but then the Brazilians relaxed and three minutes from the interval Sanfilippo was put away by Angel Rojas and beat Gilmar. Santos hit back swiftly and twice in the remaining minutes of the half Pelé went close to scoring.

Repulsing

After the interval play was more even with a strong Boca defence able to contain a less than urgent Santos attack, and Santos themselves in no great difficulty in repulsing a Boca attack that relied greatly upon Sanfilippo and Rojas. Then a minute from the end Sanfilippo grabbed a second goal for Boca that set them to face the second leg with a confidence that would have been impossible had Santos played throughout the first leg in the manner in which they had played the first thirty glorious minutes.

The second leg, played in Buenos Aires, was a disappointment to all save Santos and their supporters. Santos were content to play this one slow and careful. Boca, in contrast, were all dash, nerves and splutter. The splutter sparked to brief life in the second minute of the second half when Sanfilippo, whose goals have been coming with pleasing regularity for Boca, opened the scoring. Then, with that almost contemptuous ease that Santos—and Brazil's national team—can turn on at will to deflate their opponents, the Brazilians raised the level of their play and Coutinho comfortably equalised. A draw was all that Santos needed to continue their reign as the South American Club champions but just to baulk any Boca hopes of a last minute poached victory. Pelé in the eighty-second minute decided to settle the issue. Ordinary players score great solo goals a memorable once or twice in their careers; great players manage them occasionally. Only Pelé seems able to produce them whenever he cares—only little people with minds the size of peas can snipe at this rare player.

Ignites

So now it is Santos versus Milan for the unofficial world crown—a clash that ignites from embers still glowing from their last meeting in the summer tournament in Milan. Then the Italians won by four goals to nil and, rubbing salt in the wounds, Altafini scored all four goals! I cannot believe that the result, for Milan or Altafini, will be quite so emphatic when Santos revisit Milan for the match between the Champions.

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although they play hundreds of miles apart? One man's name, more than anything, provides the answer—Bobby Howitt, an excellent player for Stoke, and now doing an equally fine job as coach of Morton. Stoke allowed him to leave the Potteries when the Morton position was offered to him and Howitt, although he was retained by Stoke, jumped at the opportunity to take a forward step in his footballing career.

"When Bobby Howitt went to Morton, it was suggested we play his new club at Cappielow in a charity match," said Waddington to me. "Initially, we felt, it would serve as a fine opportunity for both sides to get their players fit before the season started. But that idea was shelved because of the S.F.A.'s 'No' to the match."

However, the S.F.A., I believe, have no objections to the game being played at a later date in the season, although Waddington, and Hal Stewart, have yet to fix the exact meeting date.

Benfica

Stoke, Mr. Waddington points out, have arranged an attractive friendly match with the very fine Benfica side of Portugal on November 12.

"If we can also arrange a trip to Scotland some time around that date, we will be glad to comply with Morton's wishes," he said. "They seem to be playing really well, and I'm sure we will manage somehow to meet them if not at the end of the year, then certainly before the end of the season."

There will be no question either of a half-hearted approach to the match by Stoke. "All my star players, as they have come to be described, will go up to Scotland for the match," Mr. Waddington promises. "There is no question of fielding half a reserve side."

Like other people south of the border, Stoke's ever-on-the-move manager likes to know a bit about soccer, and sides in Scotland. Morton particularly intrigued him, especially when, casually, I mentioned to him that despite their present Second Division status, they are still among the best supported sides in the land.

Casually

Stoke, with the magnetic Matthews, McIlroy, Mudie, Viollet, Palmer—need I go on?—will assuredly pull in a 25,000 crowd at Cappielow. And that, apparently, was a prospect which appealed to Mr. Waddington; obviously, and naturally, he must enjoy having the team he has virtually moulded from nothing but a cheque book, appraised by full-houses. What artistes enjoy playing to half-filled theatres?

Such is the enthusiasm in Greenock for football, and Morton's type of football, that recently an estimated 13,000 people travelled to see the team take on Motherwell in the League Cup quarter-final. The gate at Motherwell's Fir Park was 25,000, so probably for the first time in the history of Scottish football, a visiting Second Division side had more fans at a game than their First Division hosts.

They did not go unrewarded either, for Morton held Motherwell to a goal-less draw, and then whipped them 2-0 in the return at Cappielow to march forward proudly to the semi-finals. The quality of Morton's play is obvious to all who watch them. Indeed, it is perhaps significant that in defeating Motherwell, they were the first side to score against the Fir Park side in the entire competition.

Motherwell, indeed, went out of the League Cup, having lost only the two goals scored by Morton at Cappielow in eight matches.

With no disrespect in the world meant to East Stirling, that brave little side from Falkirk, I feel most people would have preferred Morton to have been promoted last season. East Stirling pipped them by the narrowest of margins, but what, after all, is one year?

Morton will assuredly be promoted this term—and with several points to spare, unless something very far goes wrong.

They have bought wisely, and sold wisely. Indeed, many people considered last season that their two most striking forwards were Paddy Turner and John McLaughlin. Yet Turner is now with Celtic and McLaughlin has sought his footballing future in the South with Millwall.

Morton are still regarded as the hottest promotion favourites since the war, and justifiably so. Their meeting with Stoke will be a pleasant interlude, socially and from the playing side, to the serious business of regaining their First Division niche. No club deserves it more.

SYDNEY'S ASIAN TOUR

FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT

PRAGUE, the Sydney club, which hopes to make a three-week tour of Manila, Formosa, Hong Kong and Japan in November, has asked for the release of its six players named for the New South Wales side to play Peru. The Asian Soccer Federation is reported to have agreed to terms for the trip by fifteen Prague players, a coach and two officials.

The Sydney council of the Soccer Federation has voted twenty-four to six in favour of a ten-team first division competition in Sydney. It was stated later that this reduction from twelve teams would probably apply first in the 1965 season.

Two expensive Midland club signings in England are aiming for a mutual goal which will mark definite milestones in their already outstanding careers in the sport

One objective for two centre-forwards

JOHN KAYE (PROV.) and ALEX HARLEY (P.A.)

They may not be related but they have more than looks in common

BRIAN MARSHALL compares their careers

TWO expensive Midland centre-forwards have the same objective in life. This is to gain their first international cap. Their ambition to represent their country was the main reason for their move into the Midlands during the past summer.

Both Alex Harley of Birmingham City and big John Kaye of West Bromwich Albion could well achieve this ambition in the months to come. Of the two, Kaye has quickly settled at the Hawthorns and played a leading role in sending the Staffordshire side to the top of the First Division.

Kaye, a well-built centre-forward, was signed by manager Jimmy Hagan from Scunthorpe United for £45,000 in a busy two days' shopping spree which saw Bill Williams (Queen's Park Rangers) and Terry Simpson (Peterborough United) snapped up in a bid to improve Albion's playing fortunes.

The twenty-two-year-old leader is a comparative newcomer to the game. It was only in 1960 that he was snapped up by Scunthorpe manager Dick Duckworth from Midland League club, Goole Town.

Duckworth, who has signed and sold such centre-forwards as Dave Herd, Dave Dunmore and Barrie Thomas, can rightly claim to be something of an expert in spotting this rare commodity.

It is therefore worth noting that Duckworth rates Kaye a better prospect than the other three. He claims: "John is nowhere near his peak yet. But I know he will do well in First Division football and given the breaks could become an international in a very short space of time."

Encouraging

Built along similar lines to Bolton's former England star, Nat Lofthouse, Kaye has made an encouraging start at the Hawthorns. He has slotted in well with Albion's two nippy wingers, Ken Foggo (a name to note) and Clive Clark, the ex-Queen Park Rangers outside-left, who has been in consistent form of late, and continuation of such form should quickly bring him to the notice of England manager, Alf Ramsey.

He moves well as an orthodox leader which suits the present Albion style of play. A capable header of the ball, he is very dangerous with the high fast crosses from his wingers.

Admittedly he is a little raw but a full season in the First Division will quickly knock off the edges in his play. On the occasions that I have seen him in action in the early part of the season he has impressed with his determination.

Opposed by such centre-halves as Ian King of Leicester and Ian Ure, the Scottish international pivot purchased in August for £62,500, he cleverly exploited several good openings.

Against Arsenal, for instance, he provided Foggo with the two opportunities to score. His creative ability is hardly surprising as I must record that he played alongside Barrie Thomas before the Leicester-born centre-forward (with whom I had many tussles during my National Service), was transferred to Newcastle United.

Kaye was responsible for many of the goals obtained by Thomas at Scunthorpe and it cannot have passed the notice of soccer followers in Great Britain that Thomas failed to hit his best form at St. James's Park for a long time.

At the Hawthorns he has a wonderful opportunity to come good. Under the guidance of manager Jimmy Hagan, a quiet but strict disciplinarian, who was never really appreciated at Peterborough, he should have ample opportunities to make the grade.

Unlike Kaye, Harley has already had one full season in the First Division with Manchester City when he hit the high spots with thirty-six first team goals. Despite this goalscoring feat, City were relegated and Harley, determined to get that international cap for Scotland, requested a move to join another First Division club.

Birmingham City were quickly in the hunt. They had long admired the little Scot. Manager Gil Merrick had met him on several occasions and Harley had no hesitation in moving to Birmingham when the two clubs agreed upon the terms of £42,500.

He didn't hit the goal standard until the home game against Manchester United on September 7. On this occasion he was barracked by the United supporters. Before and during the game they chanted to a cha-cha-cha beat: "Har-ley will-not-score."

Harley did score fourteen minutes from time to prevent the league leaders taking

● *Continued on page 32*

TOP TEN INDIVIDUALS BEHIND THE WORLD'S BEST TEAMS

MANY people today are prepared to believe that if a man gets goals he must be good — and if he gets them regularly he must be great. They believe too that if a player or a team is described as "great" often enough they will live up to their new standing, yet over and over again we find these over-rated players and teams failing when they come up against real class.

Class is the decisive factor in assessing the value of anything in football, for with it a player or a team can rise to the heights, without they can get by for a while but sooner or later they'll be found wanting.

To describe "class" is difficult because it's intangible. We can no more explain fully what it is than we can describe yellow or green — but that it does exist there can be no doubt. In the past it was possible to say — Matthews has it, Mannion, Doherty, Liedholm have it, and people were able to understand — but today it's becoming increasingly difficult to find a player to cite as an example.

My purpose here is not to name great players — I did that last month — but to name great teams, yet without a clear understanding of what one is seeking it's impossible even to begin. My maxim is simple. Great teams must have at least one and preferably two or three great players — men with skill and understanding who "look" confident and happy with the ball at their feet, who give poise, even elegance, to their team, and above all push their colleagues to victory and above all make the game appear so ridiculously easy.

Physical condition

In drawing up my list of outstanding teams I have ruthlessly excluded sides that don't make the game look easy, along with those who rely too much on physical condition, pace and power.

I don't expect that many people will agree entirely with my assessment, though the majority of my top teams would figure on everyone's lists in a slightly different order, but before you complain I ask one small favour. Think back to November, 1962, and ask yourselves have you seen another team with a player who can stand comparison with Pelé, Coluna, Suarez, Altafini, Artime, Di Stefano, or Masopust. Find such a player, and it may be that the club he plays for should rate a place on my list. One thing I am sure of — if you assess the players honestly you will be unable to add many teams to mine.

1. SANTOS FC. (Brazil)
2. BENFICA (Portugal)
3. INTERNAZIONALE (Italy)
4. AC MILAN (Italy)
5. RIVER PLATE (Argentina)
6. REAL MADRID (Spain)
7. BOCA JUNIORS (Argentina)
8. BOTAFOGO (Brazil)
9. PENAROL (Uruguay)
10. DUKLA (Czechoslovakia)

Significant

Look through my top ten and it will become clear that the Latin countries are still in command — challenged only by the Czechs. Another common denominator is colour — for many of the world's outstanding players are either negro or of negroid origin, and that too is significant.

The western world, the English-speaking peoples and the other countries where the industrial revolution is belatedly well under way have begun to lose their interest in and affinity for, football. Years of soft living have sapped the determination we once had to get to the top, and cars, television and modern business methods have done the rest.

Football now belongs as it always did to the working class. It goes hand in hand with back street slums, with cloth caps and mufflers and young boys kicking a ball around the slag heap. Where the mufflers have disappeared, and the slums are beginning to go, football, real football is disappearing, too.

Accepted

The Italians may appear to contradict my argument for it is now widely accepted that the industrial boom in the north is very real and is still growing, yet look a little below the surface and we find that the vital players have all been imported — Dino Sani and Altafini (from Brazil), Benitez (from Peru) and Rivera (an import from the poverty ridden south) made Milan, while Suarez (Spain) and Jair (Brazil) have made Inter.

Internazionale's Spanish-born inside-forward Luis Suarez looks annoyed in this picture. And small wonder for European Cup ties can be rather exasperating! (A.P.I.)

Only two of the European élite have not had to buy to find success, Benfica and Dukla. The Czechs whose key men are now all past thirty were developed from pre-war conditions — and it is quite clear that the youngsters of today are inferior. Benfica are thriving on a populace whose living standards are probably the lowest in Western Europe and by importing coloured Africans (no comment necessary) they can stay at the top for some time.

The South Americans provide the best argument, however, for throughout the continent there is still a great gulf between the very rich and the very poor — and the poor are really helpless. Santos F.C. have thrived on these conditions — half their team is always coloured — and led by Pelé, a prince among footballers, they are capable of beating anyone in the world.

Origins

It is not coincidence that the origins of the key men — great players — among the top teams I have named, are to be found in poverty ridden slums. What is coincidental is the fact that Britain's two biggest hopes for international success this season were Everton and Rangers, clubs from cities that used to be notorious for their slum areas — and in both cases their fans were bitterly disappointed not to see their favourites beat Inter and Real Madrid.

Driving out to Goodison Park from the centre of Liverpool before the Inter match I passed new blocks of flats, thousands of parked cars and whole areas of what used to be cobbled streets lined on both sides with terraced houses which lacked all the refinements of modern living.

Liverpool is changing just as Britain and our football have changed. We are in the grip of a craze for efficiency, results, mass production and though our factories turn out cars by the thousand that pass the inspectors' tests they lack the touches that only craftsmanship and pride in one's work would give.

Craftsmanship

Suarez gives that touch of craftsmanship to Inter, and though some people will claim that Everton should find a place in my top ten I believe the good people of Liverpool will support my arguments, for the thousands streaming away from Goodison after the Inter game were all agreed ... "If only we had one like Suarez".

Naturally this list of my personal choice will not please everyone, but then....

★ ***ERIC BATTY***

CHANGES AND STILL MORE TEAM CHANGES!

ROGER MACDONALD's focus on Spain

DOES this seem familiar? *The story of* (Spain's) *international selection during* 1961 *makes sad and incomprehensible reading. Only four positions remained settled, while twenty-four players* (substitutes excluded) *were selected, dropped, and selected again in the other seven. Only three players, all from Real Madrid, played in every game—Santamaria, Del Sol and Di Stefano. Thirteen forwards could score only ten goals between them in seven games against second-class opposition.*

It should do, not because I wrote it, but because it has appeared in WORLD SOCCER twice before — in June, 1962, and April, 1963. I make no apologies for repeating it in the November, 1963, issue because it is still relevant to a survey of Spanish international football. In the World Cup, 1962, Spain used twenty players in three matches—the twenty-first was Di Stefano, injured, and the twenty-second the third-string goalkeeper. During the 1962-63 season twenty-four players took part in six matches. No one played in every international; three goalkeepers, four full-backs, seven half-backs and ten forwards were selected. It seems almost naive to conclude that the incomprehensible selection of 1961 has been surpassed in 1962 and 1963 with even more dismal consequences. Spain, twice defeated in Chile, failed to reach even the Quarter-Finals. Their record since the World Cup is one victory, three draws, and two defeats—including the worst home reverse in their history.

The cause of this dismal record is the refusal of the selectors to face facts—or, more accurately, the refusal of Spanish F.A. Councillors to allow them to be faced realistically.

Although Spain was among the strongest soccer nations in Europe in 1960, her best players were over the hill, and a "blooding" of youngsters seemed essential. Ramallets, Zarraga, Garay, Santamaria, Di Stefano and perhaps Gento could all be described as veterans, and between them they possessed 180 caps — *far more than the aggregate total of all the remaining Spanish internationals selected during the past five years.*

The obvious answer was the gradual introduction of youth. But the Spanish selectors lost their heads and then their jobs. Untried players were launched optimistically in vital matches and then callously discarded. On average, half the team was changed after every international. In Chile only Gento kept his place and position for all three matches; he alone of the established players has subsequently reappeared.

Ramallets and Zarraga retired before the ill-fated South American venture, while Di Stefano (thirty-six years), Puskas (thirty-six), Santamaria (thirty-three) of Real Madrid; Garay (thirty-two), Gracia (thirty-one), Seharra (thirty-five), Verges (twenty-nine) of Barcelona have no longer been under consideration for international matches. Nor have Luis Suarez, the only experienced forward not beset by age, Luis del Sol and Joaquin Peiro —because they are playing in Italy. One need only add goalkeeper Jose Arquistain, superseded by his Real club-mate, Vicente; and Rodri (Barcelona) —who appeared twice for Spain against Rumania but was not even retained by his club! — to emphasise the magnitude of the purge conducted by the selectors. Of the twenty-two World Cup players, twelve have failed to reappear, and three more are unlikely to be called upon this year.

Dispelled

With all this chopping and changing, it is scarcely surprising that Spain won only one international match in 1962-63. This was the first of the season, against Rumania in the European Nations' Cup. Any illusions that might have arisen following the 6-0 victory against a mediocre side were quickly dispelled when the Spanish team, with just two changes, travelled to Bucharest for the second leg. They lost 3-1, conceded a goal in the first minute through a particularly lamentable piece of defensive covering, and were jeered by the spectators. One might have excused Spain for playing exhibition football with a six-goal lead in their favour, but they were unequal even to this simple task, and struggled hard throughout to keep the Rumanian score down to three.

This defeat boded ill for subsequent internationals, and the critics' worst fears were fully realised. Belgium caught the Spanish forwards offside on fourteen occasions, conceded an early goal, and then equalised in the second half with Spain's defence in a dither; France were unlucky to be refused a penalty in the goal-less draw at Barcelona; Northern Ireland were well worth their 1-1 draw in the European Nations' Cup before 30,000 exasperated spectators; and Scotland, fresh from two

shock defeats by Norway and Eire, annihilated Spain at Madrid by 6 goals to 2 — with all five forwards scoring.

It seemed probable that the scapegoat for Spain's remarkable slump would be José Villalonga, who became chief selector of the national side after Helenio Herrera's return to Internazionale Milan. But by a stroke of genius the Atletico Madrid manager cut the ground from under his critics' feet by announcing his resignation immediately after the Scottish débacle, and sending the text of his dramatic letter to the newspapers. It stated in no uncertain terms the cause, as Villalonga saw it, of Spain's decline, and it received wide publicity. The main recommendation was that the supervisory selection committee should be abolished (as it had been in England), and that the team manager should receive a firm contract.

Superiority

The Spanish F.A. Council, under strong diplomatic pressure, had to concede the validity of Senor Villalonga's observations. This, in turn, gave them little option but to recall him on literally his own terms! Real Madrid's representatives, resenting what they called "Villalonga's technical blackmail", refused to accept the Council's decision and withdrew from the meeting. But José Villalonga's difficulties in conciliating Real's officials — where, after all, his club are guests until their new stadium is completed — seem comparatively trivial in comparison to the golden gift of a *carta blanca* with selection and a cast-iron contract up to the World Cup in 1966.

SPAIN, 1962-63: **Vicente** (5); **Rivilla** (5), **Calleja** (4); **Paquito** (5), **Echevarria** (3), **Glaria** (5); **Collar** (5) or **Amancio** (3), **Adelardo** (4), **Veloso** (4), **Guillot** (5), **Gento** (4).

These were Spain's regular internationals last season — although they only played together once, against Belgium! It is on their performances that one must assess the perception of José Villalonga, the potential of his team, and the promise of its newcomers.

A much-voiced criticism of the Atletico Madrid manager has been his tendency to select players from his own club—five out of twelve. However, in the days when CFB or Real officials held selectorial responsibility, far more favouritism could be detected. Villalonga persevered with his quintet with reasonable success until pressure from the F.A. compelled him to introduce players before their time—with disastrous results. Mingorance lasted less than half-an-hour against Denis Law before he was replaced by Zoco, a pre-World Cup cast-off; neither Serena nor Lapetra, replacements for Collar in two matches, received anything but whistles from the spectators. Emilio Morollon showed nothing of his goal-scoring potential (twenty goals in the Spanish League last season) against France; young Salvadore Sadurni, despite a blank score sheet, kept goal before his own supporters with far less confidence than during a World Cup trial.

None of these selections, one feels, came from Villalonga

alone: in contrast his own club-men gave a fair account of themselves. No one would describe Rivilla and Calleja as a perfect full-back pair, but the goals-against column did not become a problem until the last match against Scotland, when the defence included four inexperienced players. Enrique Collar proved Spain's best player on *both* wings—he switched to the left to replace Gento when the Real winger lost form—while Glaria demonstrated his superiority over the worthy Pachin, capped ten times since his transfer to Real Madrid.

Brilliance

The team showed flashes of brilliance both in attack and defence, but never simultaneously. It needed a forward of world stature to bring out the best in the young players, and no one was available. Suarez, Del Sol and Peiro had been bought for astronomical sums by Internazionale, Juventus and Torino; there was some doubt about the fitness of Di Stefano and no doubt at all about his age; F.I.F.A.'s regulations on the use of naturalised players had (surprisingly!) been taken seriously by Spain, rendering ineligible Ferenc Puskas and Barcelona's young Eulogio Martinez.

Villalonga's sky is, however, brightening on the horizon, and the black clouds of defeat may soon roll away. The cause for optimism is the very youngsters who have yet to combine well as a team, but who have already shone as individuals. One cites especially twenty-three-year-old Rodriguez Adelardo, the fifth Atletico "regular", who had a sensational début against Brazil in the World Cup; two goal-scoring forwards from lesser clubs, Veloso of Coruna and Guillot of Valencia—the latter scoring a hat-trick on his début against Rumania; and Luis Echevarria, another Chile débutant, and a Bilbao pivot in the Garay mould. Nor must one forget Amancio Amado Varela, born at Coruna twenty-three years ago, and a late-comer to the national side in the two right-flank positions. Amancio scored fifteen goals in his first year at Real Madrid, and his ball-control matches his shooting. We shall hear more of him I feel sure.

Spain's next big test is the second leg of their European Nations' Cup-tie against the Irish in Belfast. Unless Senor Villalonga can secure the services of his Italian "exiles", drastic changes in the Spanish team seem unlikely. José Vicente, at thirty, the veteran of the side, is likely to be preferred to Sadurni or Carmelo; other Real players under consideration include Francisco Gento, despite his evident loss of speed; Pachin, although Glaria is playing as well as ever; and twenty-two-year-old Felix Ruiz, to partner Amancio on the right flank for the second time. I expect to see Echevarria and Veloso filling the problem pivot and spearhead positions, supported by three Atletico defenders and two Atletico forwards—a left-flank of Collar and Adelardo.

Who will win? Despite Real Madrid's unexpected—let's face it—victory over Rangers in Glasgow, Spain will probably be quite happy with a draw and a play-off. Real Madrid's temporary revival can have little effect on the performance of the Spanish international side—indeed, as one cynic expressed it, the fortunes of club and country have a habit of swinging up and down like a see-saw. I expect another draw, and I should prefer to study the performances of the respective teams before assessing their chances in a play-off.

Whatever happens, neither Spain nor Real Madrid have much chance of winning either of the European competitions. There is a strong rumour that Di Stefano will make a temporary return to the national eleven in Belfast, but as this would be his fifth appearance in three weeks, the prospect seems remote. Alas, long gone are the days when club and country could rely on Di Stefano for everything. The slump is still well and truly on in Spain, and only the patient grooming of Amancio and the rest can bring a lasting boom.

APPEARANCES FOR SPAIN 1962-63

	(a)	(b)	(c)	(d)	(e)	(f)
Vicente (Real Madrid)	G	G	G	—	G	G
Sadurni (Barcelona)	—	—	—	G	—	—
Carmelo (Bilbao)	—	—	—	—	—	sub G
Pachin (Real Madrid)	RB	—	—	—	LH	—
Rivilla (Atletico Madrid)	—	RB	RB	RB	RB	RB
Calleja (Atletico Madrid)	LB (1)	LB	LB	LB	—	—
Reija (Zaragoza)	—	—	—	—	LB	LB
Paquito (Oviedo)	RH	RH	RH	RH	RH	—
Aguirre (Bilbao)	—	—	—	—	—	RH
Rodri (Barcelona)	CH	CH	—	—	—	—
Echevarria (Bilbao)	—	—	CH	CH	CH	—
Mingorance (Cordoba)	—	—	—	—	—	CH
Zoco (Real Madrid)	—	—	—	—	—	sub CH
Glaria (Atletico Madrid)	LH	LH	LH	LH	—	LH
Collar (Atletico Madrid)	OR (1)	OR	OR	OR	OL	—
Adelardo (Atletico Madrid)	IR	—	IR	IR	IL	IR (1)
Amancio (Real Madrid)	—	IR	—	—	OR (1)	OR
Ruiz (Real Madrid)	—	—	—	—	IR	—
Veloso (Coruna)	CF (1)	CF (1)	CF	—	—	CF (1)
Morollon (Valladolid)	—	—	—	CF	CF	—
Guillot (Valencia)	IL (3)	IL	IL (1)	IL	—	IL
Gento (Real Madrid)	OL	OL	OL	OL	—	—
Sarena (Osasuna)	—	—	—	sub OR	—	—
Lapetra (Zaragoza)	—	—	—	—	—	—
		(1 o.g.)				

(a) v. **Rumania**, November 1, 1962 (h) 6-0
(b) v. **Rumania**, November 25, 1962 (a) 1-3
(c) v. **Belgium**, December 2, 1962 (a) 1-1
(d) v. **France**, January 9, 1963 (h) 0-0
(e) v. **Northern Ireland**, May 30, 1963 (h) ... 1-1
(f) v. **Scotland**, June 13, 1962 (h) 2-6

. . . AND THE BAND MARCHED ON . . .

Francisco Gento, Spain's speedy outside-left was among the eighteen players chosen for the Rest of the World team to play at Wembley against England. In this picture he walks on the field at half time during the 1960 European Cup Final at Hampden Park, Glasgow. (Metelmann.)

'La Dolce Vita' has had a crippling effect on the standard of fo

AFRICA WILL EME

ONE day last summer I was discussing with a continental journalist friend the outcome of the World Cup in Chile. Results were much as expected, but the standard of play generally was disappointing, and my morbid view at that time was that if the present defensive trend continued, it would, coupled with a definite slide in the individual standards of play in the European game, lead to the end of football as a spectacle.

Once on this topic, we talked for hours, agreeing eventually that years of soft living had sapped the Europeans' appetite for soccer — not the eagerness of the spectators who will clearly attend the big games as willingly as ever, but the enthusiasm of the youngsters who used to play with a ball for hours on end, and inevitably developed a natural affinity for the game.

If football was ever going to enjoy another golden age, it seemed clear that either the Western world as a whole must return to the poverty prevalent during an economic crisis which would clearly have to go on for many years, and was thus extremely unlikely or, a new vast underdeveloped area would have to take over responsibility for the game. It was in thinking along this second theme that the Africans cropped up, and though my friend thought I was joking at the time, I offered to bet a small sum that the final of the 1978 World Cup would be staged between Ghana and Egypt.

I didn't offer an opinion on who would win that final — but I certainly wasn't joking!

My first taste of African football proper was during the trip to England undertaken by the Uganda F.A. at the invitation of the English Football Association. Their programme was largely limited to matches with amateur sides, and the results were not particularly inspiring, yet one of the matches I saw at the Dulwich Hamlet ground convinced me that Africans had a future, maybe not big, and maybe not soon but certainly a future. The football wasn't outstanding yet I remember vividly a strapping negro inside-left who played in bare feet and cracked in two or three commendable shots from twenty-five yards that had the locals applauding as if he'd just put their favourites ahead in the Amateur Cup final.

To be perfectly frank, this was one of the few occasions on which I've seen an all-African team, but since last summer I've been thinking back, reading everything I could find on the subject, and making what I sincerely believe to be an intelligent interpretation of the facts.

The first African country to join F.I.F.A. was Egypt, who became affiliated in 1923 in time to take part in the Olympic Games staged in Paris the following year, where to everyone's surprise they beat Hungary 3-0. Then for more than thirty years the Egyptians achieved little of note, until in 1957 they sponsored the African Confederation of Football Associations, and then twice won the African Nation's Cup.

In recent years, however, it's clear that the Egyptians have come on tremendously. With twenty-four million people to draw on, there are now 110 clubs playing in regular competitions and more than 6,000 registered players.

Semi-final of the Mohamed V. Cup in Casablanca. A fingertip save by the F.A.R. (Royal Army Forces Morocco) goalkeeper Allal after an acrobatic back header from Zaragosa (Spain) forward Duca. The match ended in a 1-1 draw but the Spaniards won on the subsequent penalty-shot decision. (Planet.)

The top teams — National Sporting Club and Zamalek — are watched regularly by crowds of between 5,000–10,000 and as often as possible engage in friendly matches against foreign opposition—Tottenham Hotspur, Benfica, Barcelona and Real Madrid all having played in Cairo during the last eighteen months.

Though the results against these well-known clubs have perhaps been disappointing, the game has received a tremendous boost from their visits, and in the international arena where playing standards are not as high as among Europe's top clubs, results generally have been much better. Austria, for example, sent their full international team to Cairo a year ago and lost 1-0, while West Germany sent what was in fact a mixture of their full and "B" teams to meet Egypt some months earlier and lost 2-1.

In the meantime, however, several other countries have been busy catching up with Egypt who had thirty years' start and made very little real progress between the wars, and now it would be difficult to choose between Morocco, Ghana, Algeria and Egypt. The Ethiopians, too, have made a big impression despite their having only thirty-four clubs, and in 1961 they beat Egypt in the Final of the African Nations Cup 4-2.

Encourage

All this, however, is only of academic interest and to come nearer home we can find a great many indications that the ability to dominate world football is certainly to be found in Africa if only the authorities encourage the talented youngsters they have at their disposal and can muster the necessary cash to exploit their opportunities.

Thinking back I recall having been impressed by Kader el Firoud who figured at right-half in the French team and was their best player when they held England to a 2-2 draw at Highbury in 1950, and five years later in Paris, Xerces Louis at left-half played a vital role in stopping the Revie–Matthews wing when England lost 1-0 at Colombes. Both these French stars came from Morocco, as in fact did the Nice, and Reims centre-forward Just Fontaine whose thirteen goals during the World Cup in Sweden enabled France to take third place. His tally is still an all-time record for the final rounds.

Fontaine, however, is white, while the other two mentioned above were coloured and the greatest of all the North Africans who have starred in French football was coloured too — Larbi Ben Barek. The "Black Pearl", as he was known to French fans, is perhaps the best player the French have ever had — maybe even more popular than Raymond Kopa is today.

Twenty-one caps for France between 1938 and 1954 is Ben Barek's record — and like many other players of that period his career was interrupted by the war. Today he is back in Morocco coaching for the F.A. and his nephew — Larbi Ben Barek II — is currently playing in Spain for Malaga.

Ben Barek, Firoud and Louis are the outstanding Moroccan products to have established themselves in French football but there are many more. Zitouni, who played at Wembley against England when France lost 4-0, and Rachid Mekloufi are Algeria's biggest post-war offerings to the French, and the list of North Africans who have played as professionals in France is so great that there is

otball all over the World except for the under-developed nations

RGE FROM OUT OF THE DARKNESS

little doubt that France, poor as their football record has been in recent years would have been in dire trouble had it not been for their North African imports.

Spain, too, has been tapping Morocco for players particularly since the Moroccan Royal Air Force team (FAR) have begun staging their annual international tournament in Casablanca and done well against some of Europe's top clubs. The Spaniards have other reasons for regarding the Moroccans with respect for in qualifying for last year's World Cup Finals in Chile, Spain had first to beat Morocco in a qualifying tie, and though they did so 1-0 in Casablanca and 3-2 in Madrid (!) they brought little distinction on themselves.

Although African countries now account for twenty-eight votes at full F.I.F.A. meetings, two of the potentially most important countries are barred from the international body through their colonial status. As Portuguese colonies, Mozambique and Angola are still affiliated through the Portuguese F.A. and have thus been restricted in their attempts to take part in international competitions organised by F.I.F.A. and the new African Federation. Their potential, however, is illustrated by the contribution they have made towards establishing Portuguese football in the international firmament for literally dozens of coloured players from these colonies have forced their way into first division football.

Benfica alone have recruited half their team from the colonies — including Costa Pereira, Coluna, Eusebio, Santana and Aguas (now in Austria) while their recent signing, Yauca, came originally from Africa via Belenenses.

It may be that all these stars would have achieved little had they not moved to Portugal, yet with the right encouragement they might well have made Angola or Mozambique a real power in world football. Certainly it seems clear that their descendants in Laurenco Marques and Loanda are going to be very active in the future.

Outstanding

There are, of course, a great many hazards lying in store for the Africans, and the two greatest threats stem from their lack of funds and their own promise. As long as European clubs can pick up outstanding stars on the cheap they will continue to do so, and while their best players are continually being tempted away the clubs will probably have difficulty in putting their finances in good order.

The way round this dual problem may well be found in legislation to prevent players going abroad or, in my view better still, allowing them to go for limited periods only. It isn't democratic to be sure, to try and prevent a young man making a fortune in Portugal or Spain, but the Yugoslavs have done it in Europe, barring transfers abroad until a player is past thirty, and I am sure that the newly

An ERIC BATTY exclusive

emerging countries of Africa are determined enough that their game should progress to accept such ideas.

Establish

The financial difficulties are less easy to overcome, for ready cash in Ghana, Nigeria, Morocco and Egypt is short, and even more difficult to find elsewhere. The Ghanaians are desperately keen to establish their football, even I fear allowing their desire for a prestige-boosting international team to outweigh their dire need for better roads, schools and hospitals. They have already taken the initiative in several African Federation projects, and this month will be staging the semi-finals and final of the 1963 Nations Cup.

To increase the pace of their soccer development, Ghana has already diverted the country's best players into one club — Ghana Republikans — who have taken over the mantle once held by Eleven Wise (Accra). Again they have only followed the blue-print designed in Europe where a similar move on behalf of Honved helped the Hungarian national team to greatness.

Though the successes of the Ghanaians and their national team the "Black Stars" have already proved what can be done in Africa, it is equally certain that many thinking people are now aware that the cost financially is too great if other badly needed developments are to be carried out. To combat hunger and disease effectively the Africans need aid from the industrially developed countries, and I suggest with all sincerity that they should benefit from some kind of aid organised through F.I.F.A.

Admittedly, many of Europe's top clubs have visited Africa in recent years, and there will be more such trips in the future. Real Madrid, Tottenham, Blackpool and Moscow Dynamo, to name but a few, have played in Ghana *but* all have been well paid for their visits, and would hardly have gone otherwise!

I would like to see F.I.F.A. take as little as ½% of all gate receipts in European Cup matches, and World Cup ties (qualifying and final rounds) as a first step to sending qualified coaches to countries where they are needed.

The difficulties are enormous but quite clearly the drive and enthusiasm is not lacking if aid can be injected from outside. The Africans need money to pay for experienced coaches, for balls, for shirts, for money to level waste ground for small clubs. Even though Ghana has held Real Madrid to a 2-2 draw in Accra there are still only forty football clubs in the entire country, and though thousands of boys may "play" football in alleys very very few will ever know the luxury of playing with real goal-posts unless help is given by the Europeans.

At the moment less than 25% of all the organised African clubs (excluding South Africa) have grounds of their own. The vast majority of available grounds are owned by their Football Association or local authorities and leased out to them, yet despite the lack of facilities, in spite of the apparently insurmountable problems the Coluna's and Ben Barek's have arisen, and there will certainly be more to come.

Already within F.I.F.A. the Africans are beginning to make their presence felt, but not as I have indicated along the lines of aid. Instead the World Governing body looks upon the Africans with apprehension — indicated by the Scottish F.A.'s proposal that in future applications for F.I.F.A. membership should be subject to a five year apprenticeship.

Undoubtedly this view has strong support, and it will grow as African football gathers strength. The fear within F.I.F.A. is that very soon the African countries will dominate proceedings for already the twenty-eight votes they can muster give them a majority over any other single continent, and in the very near future the African vote will grow to forty.

Allocated

The influence of Africa is already noticeable in the arrangements for the 1964 Olympic Games soccer series in Tokyo where three of the sixteen finalists' places have been allocated to Africa, and it will not be long before the Africans demand and get at least one place in the World Cup finals.

Now look again at my suggestion that the 1978 World Cup Final will be played between Ghana and Egypt. Soon the Africans will cast a decisive vote over anything decided within F.I.F.A. and if as seems likely they get together they will be able to force a compromise deal with Europe and South America. I can visualise a deal in which the Africans agree to vote the right to stage the World Cup in Germany, Spain, Argentina or Mexico on the understanding that next time it will be staged in Africa — with the most likely choice being Ghana, Egypt or Morocco.

In that event, all the advantages lie with the home country and their neighbours and remember too that African football is improving every year, that their potential is unlimited, and while their resources are very thin their determination is beyond doubt.

I have already discussed at length in other articles the importance of being hungry if a young player is to become a star. In every advanced industrial country we have seen that playing standards decline as living standards rise and here lies my final argument.

To be successful in any walk of life, one must devote every scrap of energy to the chosen path. "Dedication" is the word most often used in Europe — and it's been agreed by thousands that we no longer have it in our football. The Africans do, for as it did once to the youngsters of the mining areas in Europe, it presents the brightest chance of getting away from the muck and mire of towns dominated by slag heaps, and the way out for coloured boys in Africa who long to leave their shanty towns lies through football.

FLOODLIGHTING HAS SUCCEEDED IN OPENING UP A NEW VISTA OF SOCCER

ROGER MACDONALD reports

THE evening is sultry, and the heat blurs the images touching the Spanish sky. The moon perspires silently, its pale light brightening the shadowy silhouettes of the city centre. One is drawn northwards away from the flicker of a thousand homes and the dim features of wide, tree-lined avenues. Here is the Bernabeu Stadium, an oasis of light rising majestically out of the gloom. It glows in virgin white, its spectator galleries illuminated neatly like an enormous birthday cake. Inside the pitch is a dark blue sea, rippled by shadows from the terrace lamps. Suddenly the gigantic floodlights dissolve the gloom and in a blaze of light the men of Madrid take the field. The football fantasy begins, the crowd held spell-bound in the theatrical spotlight of the Chamartin bowl. Only the goalkeeper scorns the magic of Real, a black demon caught crazily in a dazzling wonderland.

Practical

There can be no doubt that floodlights have captured the popular vision of Real Madrid, of the European Cup, of all the super-clubs in Europe and beyond. Artificial light has opened up new vistas to the world game, made practical the exhilarating spectacle of evening, cosmopolitan football. The art of soccer has acquired a contrasting setting in which the pattern of play has an added sharpness and precision, emerging in three dimensions of the shadowy background. One can scarcely envisage Real playing Juventus or Everton meeting Milan without the nocturnal canopy of the floodlit arena. The great floodlit matches of the past, Reims and Real, Manchester United and Bilbao, Wolves and Spartak, live on with a new density of recollection. The glamour and excitement of big-time football have secured a new sense of drama on the lighted stage.

Yet there is nothing new under the sun or even under the stars. Floodlit football is almost as old as commercial electricity itself, and, like most of soccer's innovations, it began in England. The date was October 14, 1878, and the venue Bramall Lane, Sheffield.

The remarkable figure of 19,000 spectators (although only 12,000 of them bothered to pay!) watched W. E. Clegg's XI beat a side captained by his brother, J. C. Clegg, later the Association's President, by two goals to nil. The lighting was ample if not perfect, and consisted of two Siemens dynamo engines generating sufficient power for four huge lamps on 30 feet wooden towers. The measure of success of this experiment can be gauged from the attendance at the Cup Final earlier that year — just over 4,500.

Effective

The holders, Wanderers, took part in London's first floodlit match just a few weeks after the game at Sheffield, beating Clapham Rovers at Kennington Oval on November 4. Although the lighting was not as effective, and the attendance poor, novelty matches took place in great numbers over the next few years. It took just nine days for the lights to go up at Accrington — who, alas, have paid the price of pioneers twice over—whose club result sheet can be seen to this day with its historic

Accrington 3 Church Rovers 3 under electric light

In February Manchester caught the craze, staging a Charity match between Ardwick and Newton Heath. The £140 profit went in aid of the Hyde Colliery Explosion Fund. *"On this occasion,"* writes Maurice Golesworthy in the Encyclopædia of Association Football, *"the illumination was not supplied by electricity but by Wells lights (naphtha flares with air pressure forcing the oil to the burners)."*

Scotland's cities followed the English trend in 1890 and 1892, when matches were played at the Edinburgh and Glasgow Exhibitions. Then in 1893 Celtic became the first club in the world to erect its own lights, sixteen arc lamps suspended on high poles above the playing arena. 5,000 Scots watched Celtic draw 1-1 with Clyde in a friendly match on Christmas Day. One cannot help being curious about the apparent inaction of the Lord's Day Observance Society.

But there the matter rested. The floodlights that had come on with a sparkle went out with scarcely a flicker of protest. Like the yo-yo and the hula-hoop, they were a passing craze. As the *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News* summed up in 1878: "... who wants to play football by artificial light? As a novelty, now and then, it may be all very well, but for the real purpose of the game daylight is quite good enough and long enough."

So the lamps went out at Celtic Park and football became purely a daylight sport as far as Britain was concerned. Attempts by enterprising clubs to reintroduce lights between the wars were frowned upon by the authorities. The construction of a lighting system at the White City brought a new burst of enthusiasm in 1929, but within a year the F.A. Council decided that lights could only be used for practice games and training. One match under lights was permitted in October, 1932, when the efforts of some Tottenham Hotspur officials resulted in a challenge match at the White City. London "A" (Arsenal, Chelsea, Spurs and West Ham) beat London "B" by three goals to nil. The attendance, albeit on a bitterly cold evening, was only 12,000, and no further games of significance resulted from the experiment. Although Sir Frederick Wall, the Secretary of the F.A., commented favourably, the ban on matches was to last for twenty years.

Discarded

Here, one must regret to say, is a striking example of a British invention discarded through lack of foresight and eventually nurtured overseas. Perhaps lighting had been crude and ineffective in the days of Queen Victoria, but the scope for development was unlimited after the first world war. Already in 1928 the Belgian club, Union St. Gilloise, were the proud owners of handsome floodlighting: by 1933 other systems were under consideration or in operation in France, Switzerland and Germany. In South America, Brazil especially, League matches had been floodlit by an overhead canopy system with great success. Pioneers in Rio and Sao Paulo were quickly followed by other clubs in Rio de la Plata, Montevideo and Buenos Aires. All-purpose sports grounds in the U.S.A. received lavish lighting equipment, and when Liverpool went on tour in 1946 they played five matches under lights.

Long time

Britain, as usual, took a long time to make up her mind in favour of artificial light. In 1950, when no British club had its own illumination, it was estimated that eighteen South American and fourteen European grounds had installed some kind of floodlighting. The European figure had in fact diminished due to war damage, but this had been more than compensated by the magnificent new equipment at Berne, Milan, Brussels, and elsewhere.

In 1951 came the British

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Danish goalkeeper Niels Jensen (right) prepares to take the ball out of the back of the net after one of Arsenal's seven goals in the Inter-Cities-Fairs Cup tie in Copenhagen when the local combination crashed 7-1. (Planet.)

"breakthrough". 60,000 people paid over £10,000 to see Arsenal's match with Glasgow Rangers in the first floodlit friendly since the war. The lights were Tom Whittaker's brainchild—the plan had evolved on Arsenal's trip to Brazil in 1949—but Herbert Chapman, who had urged in vain for floodlit football some twenty years earlier, would have rejoiced at the splendour of the occasion. It was the dawn of a new future, and the authorities, year by year and step by step, bowed to the inevitable:

Jan., 1951: Floodlight friendlies permitted.

June, 1953: U.S.A. v. England under floodlights.

Oct., 1955: London v. Frankfurt at Wembley under floodlights.

Nov., 1955: England v. Spain at Wembley, part-floodlit.

Nov., 1955: Kidderminster v. Darlington (F.A. Cup 1st Round replay) floodlit.

Jan., 1956: 3rd Round F.A. Cup-ties part-floodlit.

Feb., 1956: Portsmouth v. Newcastle (postponed League match) floodlit.

Mar., 1956: Extra fees to players for floodlit matches permitted.

June, 1956: All League and Cup matches subsequently permitted.

Only 7,271 spectators saw England's 6-3 victory over the U.S.A. at New York's Yankee Stadium, but in the mother country attendances at floodlit matches have usually (but no longer automatically, as the novelty has worn off) been much larger than the anticipated "gate" at daylight games. Cup replays between Carlisle and Darlington (19,000) and between Crystal Palace and Brentford (20,000) in 1955-56 more than doubled the normal League attendance. The "pocket" club tournaments at Caracas and Bogota, Rio and Montevideo, Paris, Cadiz and Milan, have all been made possible by the construction of floodlights. The European Cup has enjoyed two great advantages over its pre-war counterpart, the Mitropa Cup—air travel and evening matches. One could not envisage an average attendance of about 40,000 if the European Cup-ties had to be played during daylight (working) hours; over 90% of the ties have in fact been illuminated.

Consideration

With so many grounds equipped with floodlighting, it is possible for the first time to compare their efficacy. Here, at least, Britain shows up well—her electrical engineering is still among the best in the world. Taking the *power* of lights into sole consideration—a survey of their structural defects would exclude any generalisations—the average British system is as good as its foreign counterpart, and the best is often better. Arsenal's lights, erected a dozen years ago, now seem to lack density in comparison with the magnificent installations elsewhere. Sheffield Wednesday's lights at Hillsborough cost £27,000 in 1955 and use a load of 300 kW. There are 5 pylons of 135 feet and one that reaches 162 feet, making the White Hart Lane quartet, a mere 60 feet high, seem quite puny. Other grounds with enormous towers include Manchester United, whose Old Trafford system cost £40,000; Newcastle United, an imposing sight above the haze of the industrial north-east; Molineux, 95 feet high, where Wolves remained invincible for so long; and Stamford Bridge, home of Chelsea F.C., whose mighty 175 feet sextet are as tall as Nelson's Column in Trafalgar Square. The biggest and brightest in Britain are probably those at Celtic Park, Glasgow, four rectangular pylons 210 feet high and consuming 400 kW.

The average power overseas is quite modest in comparison. In France the newest installations burn 120 kW., but the old mercury lamps barely reach 100 kW. Belgium has an unofficial minimum efficacy of 120 kW., but most of the lights—Standard Liege and Anderlecht especially—are excellent. Germany's new National League is considering floodlit matches for clubs who want them: the Berlin and Dusseldorf systems are the most powerful, using about 250 kW. Italy measures her lights in density rather than total power, to the numerical value of *lux*; it varies between 100 (about the density at Tottenham) and 150, the latter being found only at Milan and Turin. The Swiss, floodlighting specialists, no longer find it necessary to set a minimum standard. Most of the big clubs have lights exceeding 120 *lux*, and the Berne system has been described as the best in Europe. But this title must surely go to Real Madrid, masters of stagecraft, whose incredible dual ramp system, 170 feet from the ground, burns 750 kW. And even these are surpassed by the lighting at the famous Municipal Stadium in Rio; thirteen years old now, they consume 1,500 kilowatts and are trebled in intensity by 240 gleaming reflectors.

Symbol

Floodlights are now the great status-symbol of football. Every top club in Britain has some—except Fulham, who preferred to keep Johnny Haynes. 80% of the English League clubs have spent money on lights since 1955, and twenty-three out of thirty-six clubs in France. *Flutlichtanlage* can be seen at Berlin's Olympic Stadium, and at Dusseldorf, Frankfurt, Hamburg, Karlsruhe, Cologne and Munich in West Germany. A major consideration at the rejuvenated Wembley Stadium, whose original 340 kW. lights cost £22,000 in 1955, was the positioning of eight floodlighting banks to ensure perfect playing conditions.

Even Fulham decided to take the plunge and last season installed their own floodlighting at Craven Cottage — and what's more kept hold of Johnny Haynes. And now only a handful of English League clubs remain without them. Just recently the Fourth Division club Gillingham completed their installation.

The wheel of history turns a curious circle. Who would have thought that Newton Heath would become Manchester United, Ardwick become Manchester City, and the former use the latter's lights at Maine Road for European Cup-ties eighty years after Manchester's first historic occasion under the stars? Or that Celtic Park could boast of the best lights in Britain in two different centuries? Floodlighting has come of age bringing a new magic of contrast and colour to the great game. The picture is the same at Lima and Lisbon, Celtic Park and Chamartin—where Real chase away the shadows on a Sunday night in Madrid. The black demon is always there, but it is the ten white warriors who catch the glare from the sky. Each week they play a part in the great task of lighting the world.

Jubilant Eire players at the end of the 0-0 draw with Austria in the first leg of their European Nations' Cup tie. (Central.)

INTERNATIONALS BRING GOOD NEWS

EIRE ROUND-UP by TOM MULDOWNEY

IF one is to judge by the unexpected volume of back-slapping, of which yours truly was an unhappy recipient, the recent stroll down memory lane (WORLD SOCCER, *September issue*) was a refreshing diversion from ills besetting Eire's infant season almost killed at birth by maladies, for which cures are either unknown or unwanted by so-called guardians of the game.

Officialdom oozed optimism in pre-season gallop-poll. Eager ears heard talk of better things from the larger league; of a new, more determined approach to pressing problems; of new signings; of a new era, for clubs, players and believe it or not, public. Talk! That's what it turned out to be. Or in the opinion of listening lookers, Tripe!

Opening fare gave the lie to lip service and false promise. As the season settled the ultra-mundane Utopia disappeared into Disneyland, from whence it emerged, and soliloquising soothsayers bumped back to hum-drum reality, with its accumulation of postponed problems.

Playing standards did not deteriorate below last year's level. I emphasise the point. Because some soccer scribes were virtually vituperative in their assassination of present play. No improvement I'll admit and after months of great expectations disappointment was naturally acute. On the credit side, players were fitter than ever before at such early season stage. Had obtuse officials been more circumspect fewer complaints would be voiced.

Early season is crowd catching time. Especially the evenings if the weather is good. Then the fans come out in force; more important, their little boys come too. Reprieved from early bedtime and thrilled with the treat, normally reserved for week-end after seven days of errands and good behaviour.

Regretfully, legislators, from their comfortable seat, never look across the great divide. Fail to get the message. Discerning dads do; and return to winter hibernation in front of "telly" with junior's interest projected towards more progressive sports whose idols are more worthy of imitation; whose mentors are wide-awake. Unlike soccer's Rip-van-winkles.

Who sleep as the standard of refereeing and sportsmanship, one interdependent on the other, careers downhill. Whistlers hit an all time low. Big Ben Hannigan, Shelbourne's reputed bad boy, was first offender or victim according to the colour you wore. Nowadays Hannigan is guilty before kick-off. When he returned after two weeks' sideline sitting he was unfairly warned for action repeated by other players without notice.

ON TRIAL

A spate of finger-wagging name taking threatened to engulf the soccer scene. Into dock went Inter-league 'keeper Blount and his Cork Celtic team-mate Austin Noonan. Also on trial went Dundalk's Murphy; O'Donovan, the Hibernian winger; Rovers pair, International Ronnie Nolan and ex-Busby Babe Jackie Mooney; Hannigan, of course, and his forward friend Boyce and Waterford's menace Mick Lynch, manhandled at Milltown after a Shield encounter that marked the return of Peter Fitzgerald after service with Sparta, Leeds and Chester.

Found guilty by an overworked Disciplinary Committee, cautions, suspensions and fines were meted-out while scot-free went inefficient "knights" whose ignorance of the laws or inability to interpret them caused most of the furore.

For all the moaning and copper counting, with mercenary minds assuming Shylock stature in frantic greed for gold as coffers kept pace with emptying grounds, Sunday soccer suicide continued. Two, often three games go on in Dublin, while Saturday, free with the arrival of the five day week, is soccerless. League boss, Andy Kettle, threw out Saturday start feelers with no takers. Although Bohemians and Shelbourne were willing to give it a trial.

In fact on the week-end of the magnetic Gaelic championship final, clubs stampeded to avoid a clash. Drums and Rovers argued for a Friday floodlight date. Won by "hoops" on a coin-toss. Two headed? The same coin cost Drums a place in the Fairs Cup where Rovers drew a "plum" in holders Valencia. Out-town games switched to late starts to give soccer supporters a chance of looking in at the Gaelic final, which drew a 90,000 sell-out with millions more watching the silver screen.

And as I reach the end of this report, and as if to make me eat some of my words, comes news of Dundalk's wonderful win over Zurich. The first European win on foreign soil by an Eire club. Although Dundalk are out of the competition on a 4-2 tally, they lost 3-0 at Dalymount, their performance gave League of Ireland football its biggest boost since Shamrock Rovers beat English Champions Chelsea some years ago. Well done, Dundalk.

In the Fairs Cup Rovers should have trounced Valencia. The Spanish squad were a disappointment and in the opinion of Dubliners reflect poorly on the play standards of this poor-relation competition, if they represent the best for the last two years.

Shelbourne's 2-0 Dalymount defeat from bubbling Barcelona was another good show; the Spaniards were the best of the visiting trio. "Reds", as against Sporting of Lisbon, showed that grit and determination can offset skill, to a certain extent.

GOOD NEWS

And more good news with Eire's goal-less draw with Austria in the Nations' Cup. The return will be over by print-time but as the "Greens" fielded five reserves at Vienna they should win with a full team in Dublin.

I don't agree that International success in any way reflects on the home game. The selectors' slavish cross-channel complex robs home players of any incentive. Yet in Austria three locals were honoured because injury and club over country decreed it, and Browne, Whelan and Tuohy were every bit as good as their full time brothers.

I started out in pessimistic mood, now at journey's end I find myself sufficiently mellowed to congratulate everyone who, in the period under review, helped Republic of Ireland soccer a little up the ladder.

FORTHCOMING EVENTS . . . . . NOVEMBER

POVERTY IS AMPLY ILLUSTRATED FOR NORWAY

WHEN Scotland travelled to Bergen at the end of last season, and lost to Norway they created one of the biggest soccer shocks of all time — comparable in my view with the England defeat against the United States back in the 1950 World Cup. Amateurs, inexperienced and little more than triers, it cannot be claimed that the Norwegians played above themselves to surprise the Scots, and one is left with the conclusion that the Scottish party went into the match in the wrong frame of mind (writes ERIC BATTY).

The poverty of Norwegian football was amply illustrated a few weeks ago when Poland gave them a 9-0 hammering in Stettin. The Poles themselves are far from the upper crust of European football, and there is no doubt that Scotland could have matched that score in Bergen if they'd taken the game seriously. This month the Scots get a second chance, and though their selectors might well be tempted to turn out a team with several new caps, they should still win handsomely before their own Hampden crowd.

For Norway who meet Switzerland at the ultra-modern Letzigrund in Zurich three days earlier it could be a frustrating week, though as I see it much depends on the attitude of the Swiss team chief, Karl Rappan. When England hammered the Swiss 8-1 in June, many Swiss critics thought that Herr Rappan had made up his mind to prove his arguments that Swiss football was really poverty stricken and needed reorganising. For months he's campaigned against the die-hards reluctant to change, and confident that his position as national coach was really secure, maybe he did ask for a big defeat.

His critics certainly seem to be on firm ground, for with all the Swiss clubs playing the "double-stopper" game (with tight wing-halves) it was the height of folly to set the wing-halves free and play a game based on WM. For the visit of Norway everything depends on Herr Rappan. If he means to force his ideas on to the Swiss game, Norway might get off lightly, though if he returns to the Verrou that he designed before the war and the "bolt" is well oiled, the Swiss will win.

Four points counting for the British championship will be doled out this month, though neither game will do much to raise interest for the home sides England and Scotland should win comfortably and leave the title hanging in abeyance until they meet at Hampden Park in April. Two years ago Ireland pulled off a big surprise by holding England to 1-1 at Wembley thanks to brilliant performances from Danny Blanchflower and Jimmy McIlroy. In the first half particularly Blanchflower was magnificent, and though most of his colleagues were young and untried the defenders limited England to one goal. Late in the game McIlroy snatched the equaliser, and few who were there that day were prepared to deny that the Irishmen deserved to win.

Now, however, England are beginning to play with more confidence, while both Blanchflower and McIlroy are clearly past their best, and unfortunately for Ireland they don't appear to have anyone yet ready to inspire and lead their unfashionable team as this pair have done for years.

England also have two other apparently less important dates this month — matches for their Under-23 team against Wales and East Germany. Although in recent months there has been talk of allowing East German sportsmen and cultural groups to travel more freely in Western Europe, no definite steps have yet been taken and it is possible that West Germany may take their place.

With the full England side more or less settled following the three tour victories in May and June, it will be interesting to see what type of player the England boss, Alf Ramsey, is seeking. I hope we shall see a new-style team with skill the over-riding influence. We have plenty of talented youngsters but so often England teams at all levels have been based on hard-hitting wingers, a burly centre-forward and goal-scoring inside-forwards. Though still unconvinced that Mr. Ramsey will lead England to victory in 1966, I am optimistic enough to hope that he will change the long approved formula and lead England back to making goals rather than snatching them, and if he intends to do this he will surely start with the Under-23 side.

On the continent nowadays almost every international side has problems including Italy and Russia who meet this month in Rome. In the last WORLD SOCCER I dealt with their first leg at some length and don't propose to do so again, except to add that after the Russians have been persuaded away from negative football that had begun to dominate their league sides, it would be ironic if they found themselves eliminated from the Nations Cup by an Italian team relying on a reinforced defence!

Czechoslovakia will be in action again for the first time since they drew with the unofficial Hungarian "B" team in Prague. As yet there are no signs that their boss Rudolf Vytlacil is about to rebuild his side, and the likelihood now is that he'll wait to see whether the Czech Olympic team produces anyone of outstanding ability.

For the old stagers, who found an unsuspected poise and purpose in Chile last year, but have been struggling ever since,

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A Benelux local derby between Holland and Belgium with Jurion wrong-footing the Dutch goalkeeper with an accurately placed penalty kick. (Central.)

European Cup-ties intermingle with the weekly routine of domestic issues on the Continent

EUROPE — DEEP IN COMPETITION

THOUGHTS of Eusebio's goal in the European Cup Final at Wembley — his own swift reply to a frittered chance (lesser players brood over mistakes, great ones quickly redeem themselves); of the fatal catch in Benfica's rhythm when Coluna was nobbled; of the deft way young Rivera exploited the situation; of Altafini's power — all these and more were still comparatively fresh in our memories when this result crept into the Classified Results column of a few newspapers — Apoel 6 Gjovik-Lyn 0, and we knew that the time had come for pencils to be sharpened and new files opened marked European Champions Cup 1964, Cup-Winners Cup 1964, and Inter-Cities Fairs Cup 1964!

Indeed between the writing and the printing of this commentary several more matches will have been played in all three of these competitions — and one or two in the Rappan Cup, and in next month's issue we shall be able to provide the first of our usual full-scale progress reports. For the moment I can only look to the first matches played in a few of the European national competitions.

The victorious MTK Budapest team with the Mitropa Cup they won earlier this year after defeating Vasas their fellow Hungarians over a two legged final. (Planet.)

Visitors

First, however, an outstanding Rappan Cup result — Standard 1 Fiorentina 1. A draw was all that the Belgian champions needed to gain qualification for the next round and although Hamrin, playing on the right wing for the Italian visitors, caused the thirty thousand Standard spectators to have a few anxious moments, Standard had no great difficulty in getting this point. Fiorentina made strenuous, and excited, efforts towards the end of the match but all that happened from this was that their centre-forward, Lojacono, received marching orders. For Standard, drawn against Norrkoping, the match was a most valuable pre-Champions Cup canter and, for that matter, a useful warming-up for the new Belgian League season the first match of which was played in the following week. Standard won, not too convincingly, their opening League match against Dienst by the odd goal in three. Standard's line-up in the Rappan Cup match against Fiorentina incidentally suggests familiar faces for them in the Champions Cup this year:

Nicolay; Vliers, Thellin; Houf, Spronck, Patzke; Blezer, Sztani, Claeseen, Pilot and Paesschen.

A notable feature, I thought, of the first day results in the Belgium League was that no club managed to score more than two goals. Gantoise and Anderlecht, both at home, fared best with two-nil wins over Daring and Berchem respectively; Antwerp, like Standard, won by the odd goal in three scored — in their case against F.C. Malines; Beringen and Liege shared four goals. In the other three matches played — C.S. Bruges and Turnhout, and Saint-Trond and F.C. Bruges, both ended as one-all draws, and Beerschot beat Lierse by one goal to nil. All spectators saw at least one goal in the match they watched but none saw more than four.

First day spectators in England were much more fortunate. One match was goal-

by GORDON JEFFERY

less — the London "derby" between Chelsea and West Ham but six goals were shared in the match played at Sheffield between the Wednesday (Inter-Cities Fairs Cup entrants) and Manchester United (Cup-Winners Cup entrants). Home clubs, Everton (Champions Cup entrants) and Ipswich also got three goals in wins over Fulham and Burnley, whilst Wolves scored three away from home at Highbury against the Arsenal (Inter-Cities Fairs Cup entrants). Four goals were shared in the Blackpool–Sheffield United encounter, whilst Birmingham and Stoke at home and Liverpool away had odd goal in three wins over Bolton, Spurs (Cup-Winners Cup entrants as the European holders) and Blackburn respectively.

On the same day there was a new League season kick-off of greater significance in West Germany. For years the progress of West Germany football has been to a considerable extent stifled by, according to how you interpret the situation that existed, either the absence of any First Division or the presence of five (or four and a half perhaps) First Divisions! Although there was an annual end-of-season competition between the leading regional clubs to determine a national club champion, there was no national league in West Germany. There were sixteen-club-strong South, West, South West and North Leagues and a ten-club-strong Berlin (West) League. Now West Germany have progressed to one Division at any rate of a National League — below this Division clubs still play in regional Leagues.

I have deliberately written that "t" crossing, "i" dotting paragraph because I have heard some suggestions that what the West Germans have done is to form a Super League of the sort oft-discussed as something needed in English League football. This really is not so — they have done no more than brought clubs as Borussia Dortmund and Schalke '04 in the West in regular League combat with such as Hamburg S.V. in the North and Eintracht Frankfurt in the South instead of having to play against the minnows as well as their fellow-giants of the West. It is rather as if English football had hitherto existed on a regional basis and Tottenham and Arsenal

Norrkoping's Bill Bjorklund (left) and Benfica's Eusebio were the scorers when the clubs met and drew 1-1 in the European Cup match in Norrkoping last season. Both clubs are again representing their countries this season. (Planet.)

had been accustomed to playing in the same League as Millwall and Brighton; or Everton and Manchester United against Crewe and Chester.

It just is not a fact that, because there are four Divisions, "the cream of English football is spread over ninety-two clubs"! With quite rare exceptions players do find their correct level; potential First Division material does not lurk unseen for wasteful seasons with the Third and Fourth Division clubs. It was far more likely that the West Germans, with seventy-four clubs in five different leagues enjoying equal status, did suffer from a dissipation of talent that will now *begin* to disappear.

Doubtful

Five clubs from the West, five from the South, three from the North, two from the South West and one from West Berlin make up West Germany's new Bundesliga. On football status alone it seems a little doubtful whether the sole West Berlin member, Hertha BSC, should have got a place in the sun. But, in West Germany as elsewhere, other considerations are important in the affairs of professional football and the first day attendances emphasised the value of the presence of Hertha — they drew much the biggest crowd to the Olympic Stadium, Berlin, for their match against F.C. Nurnberg (over fifty thousand). The next highest attendances were around thirty thousand at both the Eintracht Frankfurt–F.C. Kaiserslautern and the Werder Bremen–Borussia Dortmund matches. In all, 284,000 fans are reported to have watched the first eight matches in the new league — and that figure seems to have delighted everybody. These are early days, however, and no lessons can be drawn until later in the season when, of course, the effect on the *excluded* clubs will also need to be examined.

The honour of scoring the first goal in the Bundesliga went to the current West German champions, Borussia Dortmund, whose inside-left, Konietzka, was successfully on target in the very first minute of their match against Werder Bremen, the German's Cup-Winners Cup entrants, in Bremen. Just for good measure, Borussia and Konietzka scored next in the very last minute of the match. Unfortunately for them, Werder Bremen, with goals by Soya, Schutz and Klookner, got three between those first and last minutes!

Top scorers of the day were Meidericher S.V. who travelled to play Karlsruher S.C. and won the match by four goals to one — inside-right Kramer got two of the four goals to join Konietzka at the top of the individual scorers' list; and another Meidericher goal came from Helmut Rahn, back in West Germany after his spell in Netherlands football.

English and Scottish football gets well covered in other regular features in WORLD SOCCER and I do not want to venture far into comment about the early progress of the Leagues in the U.K. but one of the things that has often intrigued me is how would advocates of a super-league in England select the clubs to play in it? The two proposals most frequently put forward are, firstly, by relation to either present regular attendances or potential ones (based on population served) and, secondly, by reference to League positions of the previous season. At the time of writing the First Division programme is one-sixth complete.

Splendid

Manchester United head the table with twelve points from their seven matches and a splendid goal record of twenty-two for and seven against (three of them in the first match I have already noted), West Bromwich (a draw at home with Leicester on that opening day), Blackburn (who lost at home then), Nottingham Forest (who likewise started off with a home defeat), Leicester and Burnley follow Manchester United — all with nine points from their seven matches.

On the population basis as the criterion for selection in a Super League, Manchester United, Nottingham Forest and Leicester would presumably be "in" but the chances of the others, without some sort of amalgamation, would be less certain. On the other hand were last season's League positions the yardstick for selection this year's

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In Holland, DWS Amsterdam met PSV Eindhoven in a First Division match recently. DWS goalkeeper Jongbloed (left) succeeds in putting off an opposing forward in a rather unorthodox manner. (P.A.I.)

Smiling group of Everton players pose while Manager Harry Catterick takes a movie shot with the Football League Championship trophy in evidence. Players left to right: Dennis Stevens, Derek Temple, Alex Scott, Roy Vernon and Alec Young. (Keystone.)

WIND OF CHANGE SWEEPS SOCCER

Stricter managerial control is leading to a better deal says TOM JAGGER

BRITISH soccer is sitting up and taking nourishment. It is on the mend, and developing on healthy lines.

That tired look which characterised so many teams a short while ago is vanishing, and once more the fans are getting their money's worth.

Because players are getting bigger wages? Because they are being treated like film stars? Because they are bossing the show?

No, sir. A thousand times no. It is because the club chiefs have at last seen the writing on the wall, and are using the big stick they should have wielded donkeys' years ago.

Fed up with the tantrums of the stars and the squealing of the spoilt youngsters they have finally turned. They have thrown down the gauntlet, and warned the players of sticky ends for grumblers, non-triers and those lacking in team spirit.

They are stamping out unrest which was spreading throughout the game like a cancer, and restoring sanity into the dressing rooms of clubs in all parts of the country.

In the biggest and the smallest of the ninety-two Football League clubs the managers are once again bossing the players and the tail has stopped wagging the dog.

It is excellent to mark this, and better still to note that the lead for this quiet revolution at a time when football was getting out of hand has come from the top—from the managers with most power at their elbows.

That is obvious when it is freely admitted that the best disciplined clubs are Everton, Manchester United, Wolves, Burnley, Cardiff City and Manchester City.

No Longer

THERE WAS A TIME when any player would tell you that life at Goodison was a piece of cake. But not today. Manager Harry Catterick has set down his rules and they have to be strictly obeyed.

If a player breaks them he's for the high jump whether he's a star or just a teenager.

No one is allowed to dodge club chores. Or turn up late for training. Or play to any old style after certain tactics have been agreed upon.

Harry Catterick is the boss and they all know it.

THERE WAS A TIME when everything was free and easy at Old Trafford. Manager Matt Busby spread goodwill everywhere, and nobody was criticised if things went wrong.

But when Manchester United were thrashed in their F.A. Charity Shield game at Goodison, Busby became a changed man. He gave his team the father and mother of a rollicking, and dropped three internationals for the next match.

Says Busby: "When Albert Quixall and Johnny Giles asked for transfers after being axed I told them they could go just as soon as they liked, and I've told the rest that anyone not giving 100 per cent must get out of the team."

THERE WAS A TIME when it was ever so comfy at Molineux. It's all right now when the team is winning, but when it's not manager Stan Cullis says his piece.

The player in form and giving of his best has nothing to fear, but woe betide the rest for the Wolves boss pays no attention to reputations when lining-up his boys for the next match.

He does not plan to fight against relegation, or finish merely in a halfway spot in the League table. He plans for success, and they all know now he has no time for layabouts.

THERE WAS A TIME when the names of Burnley and Jimmy McIlroy were synonymous, but the Irish inside-forward star was listed and went to Stoke after admitting complacency.

Harry Potts is laying down the law at Turf Moor, and they all have to pay attention when he cracks the whip otherwise he wants to know why.

There are no slackers there. They won't have them. Every player fights for his place, and then has to hold it.

THERE WAS A TIME when the pace was leisurely at Ninian Park. But manager George Swindin has altered all that. He has tightened things up, remodelled the day-to-day schedule, and the boys know he's the boss.

They knew it when Cardiff suffered their first defeat of the new season at Maine Road. For in the dressing-room afterwards he used the long whip, and had them on the receiving end of stinging criticism.

Said Swindin: "It is just no good telling them what to do if they don't do it, and I told them that."

THERE WAS A TIME when no one got ruffled at Maine Road. Not even when the wrong results were coming along. But, by golly! they do now.

Manager George Poyser sees to that. When they dropped a point after winning all the way in their second game of the new term he gave them all the old 1-2-3. And there was a repeat dose when a mixture of cockiness and late panic nearly cost them a victory at Rotherham.

But that double ticking off had its effect. They stopped larking around, especially when Poyser told them he is going to drop those who fail to come up to scratch.

Contented

All that might give the picture of unhappy clubs. Yet it's just the opposite. Players on those pay rolls are among the most contented in big soccer.

And if you ask them why they will all

● *Continued on page 38*

CRUSADERS MAY FACE A HAPPY FUTURE

Irish News contributed by Colin McAlpin —*from page 9*

Derry City — Like Ards, Derry have brought back their reserves, though the season might not be a great one for the Derry club. They have been having poor seasons of late and have had their fair share of financial troubles. They are one of the Ulster clubs obsessed with Scottish players and until the side takes on a settled look don't expect Derry to do great things.

Distillery — Not quite the Distillery side that won the league last term and earned the right to meet Benfica. The loss of players like Scott and Curley (reported in last month's WORLD SOCCER) could prove a bigger blow to get over than even George Eastham expected. After the first few games of the season Grosvenor Park fans were worried — and rightly so. One thing which has caused talk is the fact that Eastham reckoned his playing strength is enough for the heavy league programme. He said earlier that he will not go out and start a mad buying spree which, as far as it goes, is all to the good for nothing beats home-grown talent. He said, with an almost bitter tone, "Who am I supposed to buy?" After a start that was far from being auspicious they might settle down. One can only wait and see.

Glenavon — That defence suspected and won through, the forwards fighting every inch of the field for goals. The entire team clicking into gear from the start — Glenavon look set to lift a few trophies and one might even be the league.

Glentoran — Winners of last season's Gold Cup the Oval side always get so near to doing great things and then falter. McDowell, who moved over from Linfield at the start of last season, has been working hard to get a winning combination. All round it is a top-class team with plenty of good reserves and yet with all this I am still doubtful.

Linfield — The sale of Irvine and Braithwaite might unsettle the Blues but they are still a great side. Perhaps not the first-choice for honours they will not be far from the finals and league winners. A strong side in spite of their losses and one that could once again be playing in one of the European Cups.

Portadown — It seems that most teams in the Irish League will be missing one or two key men and so it is with the Shamrock Park men. Now that Ken Beattie has departed the Ports, who have always had a great defence, any honours will have to be won more by the forwards and with some new boys in that department it might be some time before the team clicks.

Overall then it could be that the coming months will produce some thrills. On the international side visits of Benfica and Spain for the European Nations Cup have started it off well.

If one must pick a team that look capable of winning the league at such an early stage (I picked the winners on the last two occasions and am afraid to tempt my luck with a third-time lucky choice) I would take a closer look at Glenavon with Coleraine coming close behind. Distillery will have to settle down if they hope to make it two championships in a row — if they did settle down it might be them. One of the three listed above are my bet for the Gibson Cup.

And so into the cold, hard days of winter. I for one am glad football (any sort of football) is back and I hope the fans are too.

South American Commentary

● *Continued from page 13*

first in the semi-final and then in the final, Botafogo were steadily if not exuberantly advancing to the top of their qualifying group. Their opponents in the group were Peru's Alianza and Colombia's Millonarios and it was these two clubs who opened the campaign by playing a goalless match in Lima. Alianza then upset form by winning the return match in Colombia — at Bogota, where visitors have so often come unstuck. Botafogo opened with away matches in both Lima and Bogota and won them without conceding a goal and, with their two home matches still to play, only a defeat by their humble visitors from Peru could have denied them a place in the semi-finals. The miracle did not happen and, faced with Botafogo's inevitable qualification, Millonarios decided to forego their match in Rio. And the semi-final brought into conflict the two giants of Brazilian club football — Santos and Botafogo.

The first leg was played in Sao Paulo but despite their home advantage it was not until the final moments of the match that Santos were able to equalise Jair's middle of the second-half goal for Botafogo. Jair was playing as Garrincha's deputy. Santos's all-important equaliser was scored by Pelé. With the second leg being played in Rio the advantage seemed to be with Botafogo but they reckoned (or did they?) without the rare genius of Pelé who inspired Santos to an emphatic four-nil victory. Pelé himself scored three of the goals and Lima got the fourth. Line-up:

Santos: Gilmar; Mauro, Dalmo; Geraldino, Zito, Calvet; Dorval, Lima, Coutinho, Pelé and Tite.

Botafogo: Manga; Joel, Nilton Santos; Ze Carlos, Rildo, Elton; Jair, Airton, Quarenthinha, Amoroso and Zagalo.

Forthcoming Events

● *Continued from page 25*

the visit to Belgrade could mark the turning point. Over the years, the Czechs have always done well against Yugoslavia even at times when their opponents have been able to put out teams comparable with the world's best. To date the two sides have met twenty-five times, with the Czechs winning sixteen, drawing four and losing five for a goal tally of eighty-one to forty-two.

The only other match scheduled to be played in Central Europe is the second leg of the East Germany–Hungary tie, and without knowing how the Hungarians fared in Berlin, I imagine they will be able to wipe off any deficit they may face when they go out on to the Nepstadion. Lajos Baroti has recently been upgraded from selector-coach to selector, though apparently he will remain in full control with Rudolf Illovsky as trainer and the team should be more or less that which has been built up since 1959 — the Gorocs, Albert, Tichy combination — still bursting with promise but rarely fulfilling it.

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JORGE RIVERA selects a star of Iberia as his Player Portrait

Coluna is the very heart of Benfica

WHILE Bela Guttmann was leading Sport Lisboa e Benfica to their European Cup triumphs he consistently claimed that the secret of their success was teamwork. As individuals he said often, there are better teams, but as a unit there is none finer than Benfica.

This may have been true of Benfica's earliest bid to reach the top, but once they began to tangle with Barcelona, Real Madrid and Santos it was inevitable that one or two men would grow in stature and begin to exert their calm authoritative influence over their colleagues. Real had their Di Stefano, Honved their Puskas, and the man who has contributed most to the successes of the Portuguese champions is Coluna whom the club have recently (and wisely) appointed captain.

Pleasure

Like Eusebio and several of the Benfica reserves, Mario Esteves Coluna was born in Mozambique — to be exact in Laurenco Marques — on August 6, 1935. As a boy he played football, purely for pleasure, and even when he began to star for the Mozambique cracks Deportivo de Laurenco Marques he never thought of professionalism. His greatest interest was athletics, particularly the high jump, and until now his best effort still stands as a record for Mozambique!

When Benfica became interested in him, however, it opened up a new world for Coluna — Europe, a high standard of living and security — and he couldn't afford to say no. Even today, though ten years a professional, Coluna still retains the zest and enthusiasm for the game, that time has mellowed into dedication, and though still quiet and almost shy off the field, he becomes a giant once the game begins.

Spearhead

When he first arrived in Lisbon, Coluna was a centre-forward, clever with the ball, good in the air and a terror in front of goal, but Benfica at that time had Jose Aguas as their spearhead, and he had to wait for his opportunities. With Aguas unfit, Coluna got his chance and a goal and Otto Bumbel, Benfica's Brazilian coach at that time, decided to keep them both once Aguas regained his fitness. Leaving Coluna in the centre, Bumbel switched Aguas to the left wing, then later he tried Coluna on the flank before moving him finally to inside-left.

At this time, Coluna was serving his regular period of national service in the Portuguese Army, and almost immediately he was capped in "B" games, Army internationals along with Duarte and Hernani, and finally at nineteen his first full cap, still at centre-forward.

For Benfica, however, Coluna's game was slowly changing. Unwilling to lie upfield while Benfica defended, Coluna began to drift further and further back helping in defence, asserting his influence in midfield and still getting goals until Bela Guttmann took over in 1959. From then on Coluna became the general plotting the goals for Aguas, Augusto and Cavem which were to take Benfica to the top of the European soccer tree.

MARIO ESTEVES COLUNA (M.I)

Mozambique-born Coluna has proved himself to be a great sportsman, versatile enough to excel at athletics as well as soccer. But soccer is his greatest sport. . . .

When Guttmann gave way to the former Chile boss, Fernando Riera, Benfica's system changed to 4-2-4, and again this brought a new role for Coluna, who was switched to left-half. From there he is able to control the game with greater effect than ever before, working like a trojan in defence, setting the pace of the play in midfield along with inside-right Santana, and still finding time and space to snatch goals that are always good, often remarkable, and in their timing invaluable to Benfica.

Invaluable

Like all the really great players, Coluna has the knack of rising to the big occasion. His ability, his intelligence and his enthusiasm are always plain to see, yet when Benfica need his inspiration most he plumbs the very depths of his talents, pushing himself to the limit of physical endurance to plough up and down from one goal to the other and at vital moments he frequently claims the goal that proves to be a turning point in the game.

Claimed

In the 1961 final against Barcelona in Berne, it was Coluna who claimed the winner. At the Olympic stadium in Amsterdam a year later it was Coluna's thirty-five-yard "screamer" that enabled Benfica to recover from the effects of the first-half Puskas hat-trick to level the scores at 3-3, and had not Coluna grabbed a pair in the quarter-final with Dukla it's probable that Benfica would never have reached the Wembley final last May. His second, scored with only two minutes to spare in Lisbon, enabled Benfica to win 2-1 on aggregate!

Against Milan all Benfica's hopes hinged on Coluna, and when he was hurt early in the second half, the game swung for the first time in the Italians' favour. Until that point it was Benfica who were threatening and Milan defending, with Coluna leading the raids from midfield, probing to find a way through Milan's massed defence. When he limped to the dressing room it became clear that without the backing of Coluna, Eusebio and Torres lost their poise, and at once it appeared that the Benfica players didn't think they could win.

Possession

Benfica's loss was far greater than most people realise, for Coluna in my view is probably the world's most under-valued player. The ease with which he shrugs off an opponent with a feint; the easy grace with which he moves in possession, and his superb timing in releasing the goal-making pass at just the right second, are among his most obvious attributes, but to fully appreciate Coluna one must watch him and not the game.

Coping with skilful players like Altafini and Rivera is no easy task, but while often stretched the Benfica players were never shattered so long as Coluna was amongst them, inspiring by his personal example and calm, calling instructions to a harassed colleague and offering a word of encouragement to those who felt the balance of the game was shifting against them. Of such a player the continentals say *l'homme de base — the moteur* — the main shaft around which all the other cogs revolve, and Mario Coluna is all this and more — perhaps even the heart, of Sport Lisboa e Benfica.

European Commentary

by GORDON JEFFERY

● Continued from page 27

pacemakers, Manchester United (nineteenth last season) would have been excluded!

France kicked off in the League season a week later than England and West Germany but the season opened earlier with a League Cup competition in the Scottish fashion. The first League Cup competition in France and, with clubs grouped on a regional basis, it was hoped to turn out to be a much-needed, a desperately-needed money raiser. Sadly it was not. Nor did the first day's League matches bring in the masses. Stade Francais at home to Angers in Paris attracted the largest attendance — 17,006.

The lowest were at Monaco to watch the French champions take on one of last season's liveliest rivals to the Riviera club — Rouen. It was a good, closely-fought game, won eventually by Monaco with Cossou scoring both their goals from centre-forward and centre-back, Casolari, unluckily putting the ball into his own goal to score for Rouen. The attendance? — 2,913. Two other matches, in addition to Stade Francais–Angers (2-2), attracted attendances above ten thousand — those between Nantes and Sedan (2-2) and between Strasbourg and Bordeaux. The latter had been amongst the leaders throughout much of last season but although they opened the scoring through De Bourgoing in the tenth minute, Strasbourg equalised five minutes later through Stieber, gained the lead before the interval when Koza scored, and made the issue safe for themselves four minutes from the end — outside-left Hausser was the scorer.

Reims, the post-war cream (or should one say, the champagne?) of French football played a goal-less match at home against Nimes. Barreau seems now the established 'keeper of Reims; Kopa was at centre-forward. Lyons, the French representatives in the Cup-winners Cup, got off the mark with an odd goal in three victory at Lens. The attendances at Reims and Lens were 8,160 and 5,387 respectively.

I have noted these French attendance figures for comparison with a smaller country who started their League programme a week earlier — the Netherlands. The surprise of the day was the defeats sustained by three of the Netherlands' customary leading clubs, Feijenoord, Ajax and Sparta, the first two were playing away. The reigning champions, PSV Eindhoven, were also away but they managed a narrow one-nil win over NAC. Feijenoord's defeat was the most emphatic and a crowd of 17,500 watched them beaten three-nil by GVAV.

Centre-forward Nuninga scored twice for the home club and soon afterwards was selected for his first Full International — in the Nations Cup match against Luxembourg. Ajax made a closer struggle of their match against Fortuna '54 in the latter's Maurits Stadium before losing by two goals to one. Twenty-five thousand watched this match. There were about five thousand less at Rotterdam where Sparta unexpectedly lost 1-3 to the Utrecht club, DOS, who are likely to supply the bulk, if not the whole, of Utrecht's side against Sheffield Wednesday in the Fairs Cup. PSV's victory was over NAC — inside-left Theunissen got the only goal, and the attendance was seventeen thousand. These four matches alone, in other words, attracted just about half the attendance at the nine matches that made up the *total* of the opening day's First Division programme in France.

Ajax quickly recovered from their poor start and now, with five matches played, are breathing down the neck of the reigning champions, PSV. The Eindhoven club are the only unbeaten one in the Netherlands First Division with four wins and a draw. Ajax are one of five clubs sharing second place, two points behind the leaders. But what of Sparta? — five played and five lost makes sad reading for Rotterdam fans.

Hamburger SV centre-forward Uwe Seeler (right) hooks in a great shot past Borussia Dortmund goalkeeper Wessel during the West German Cup Final which the Hamburg club won convincingly by three clear goals. Seeler himself crowned a memorable personal match by scoring a hat-trick. (Planet.)

MAURITIUS EMERGING

MAURITIUS is another country emerging from soccer oblivion. Mr. R. Marot, a member of the Mauritius Sports Association, flew into Durban for consultations. Mr. Marot is hoping to arrange a tour of the Transvaal and Natal by a Mauritius XI. In 1961, the South African National League First Division side, Durban United made a popular tour of the island. He contacted several Durban soccer officials, including United's chairman, Reg Johnson (writes **NORMAN D. REICH**).

It was Mr. Marot's contact with Mr. Johnston which saw the 1961 trip materialise. Mauritius ties with Durban United are growing. Last year, the island's leading centre-forward, Paul de Sournay, turned out for them. United are still keen to sign him.

In the Mauritius League, Dodo F.C. carried off the League championship for the third time. Mr. Marot is a former president of the club. He is also an honorary member of the Middlesex Wanderers and was in charge of the island's Empire Games contingent to Perth last year.

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North Shore United prove the outstanding New Zealand club side

BIG CROWD FOR A DISAPPOINTMENT

writes D. D. M. STEWART

NORTH Shore United of Auckland was a deserving winner of the first of New Zealand's two big inter-club competitions, the Rothmans £1,000 series, for this season. It would not be unfair to other competitors to say that this result was never in serious doubt, even though one semi-final match was lost.

This competition is played between four teams, one from each of the Auckland, Wellington, Christchurch and Dunedin competitions. It is not specified how each centre shall select its entrant, but normally it is the winner of the local premiership, or at least the leader at the half-way stage. With all soccer here having to depend upon the use of grounds owned by local authorities, there can be no official Sunday or mid-week play, and there is a definite problem in trying to fit all the competitions into a season of about twenty-five Saturdays.

The four entrants in this year's competition were therefore North Shore of Auckland, Diamond of Wellington, Nomads of Christchurch and Technical of Dunedin. It was an interesting feature that none of these teams took part in the 1962 Rothmans competition. The surprise of the early rounds was the elimination of the 1962 cup-winner, Northern of Dunedin. Technical beat this side in a needle match to claim Dunedin's place in the final rounds.

Upsetting

The semi-finals were played on a home-and-away basis. In the first match of the northern series, played in Auckland, the sharp-shooting Diamond team sprang a real surprise by upsetting North Shore 1-0. The Diamond side featured an opportunist forward line led by the former New Zealand centre-forward John Raat. The second leg of this semi-final, played in Wellington, saw North Shore at its brilliant best, the team crushing Diamond in extra time to the tune of a final 6-2 score. Diamond actually led 1-0 at half-time in this match, but North Shore netted thrice to lead 3-2 at the end. This meant that there would be extra time, and the Aucklanders booted in another three to take their place in the national final.

By comparison, the southern semi-finals were a tame affair. In the first match in Dunedin, Technical came through by two goals to one, and Nomads could do no better than hold their opponents to a scoreless draw in the return match in Christchurch.

Plans were for the final to be also played on a home-and-away basis, with matches in Auckland and Dunedin, but a rather surprising decision of the N.Z.F.A. decreed that there should be only one match, and that this should be played in Auckland, as there it would draw the best crowd. This led to criticism of unfairness to the Dunedin side, and even brought a letter from an Aucklander to the Auckland F.A. suggesting that North Shore should agree to start with a one-goal deficit to offset the advantage of playing on its home ground. This was not taken up, but in any case Auckland teams notoriously do better "away" than "at home", so that North Shore was perhaps at a disadvantage.

In any case, North Shore came through with the score at 3-1 to take the major prize-money in the 1963 tournament. This was a match which did not rise to great heights, in spite of a crowd of 4,000—a very large gathering by New Zealand soccer standards. North Shore was two goals up at half-time, and the final result was never in serious doubt.

The Auckland team, led by the former Chelsea and England player, Ken Armstrong, depends upon science rather than on speed. In fact, the average age of this side would probably be greater than that of any other club team in the country. Armstrong himself is well into the veteran class, but it is a tribute to his fitness and ability, as well as a back-handed slap at the rest of this country's soccer players, that he is still able to hold his own for most of the game's ninety minutes.

The North Shore team features a brilliant half-back line in Armstrong, Warwick Ward and Derek Easto. Ward, a huge and powerful man, is a problem for any centre-forward and Easto, the team's captain, is one of the ninety-minute workers who would be coveted by any side. Solid full-backs Collins and Gore provide the maximum of protection for goalkeeper A. Stroud.

Great ability

North Shore's forwards are an enterprising and opportunist lot—without a shadow of doubt the best all-round forward line in the country. Don Clarke, a newcomer to New Zealand football, has jumped immediately into the Auckland representative side, and his matches at centre-forward for North Shore have showed his great ability. He roams effectively to distract the opposing defence. Inside-forwards A. Middleton and P. Maynard and wingers H. Russell and P. Oden are a set which would not disgrace the New Zealand national team.

Results of the final rounds of this Rothmans £1,000 tournament were: Semi-finals: Technical 2, Nomads 1; Nomads 0, Technical 0; North Shore 0, Diamond 1; Diamond 2, North Shore 6. Final: North Shore 3, Technical 1.

NEXT MONTH

In next month's issue I will deal with New Zealand's leading and long established Chatham Cup competition which has become known abroad as the premier trophy in the country. New Zealand soccer continues to strive for popularity and while the progress is not nearly as rapid as that in Australia, the signs are unmistakable nevertheless.

One objective for two centre-forwards —from page 16

two points from their visit to St. Andrew's. His predicament at Birmingham, however, is not new. Several players before him have found it difficult to hit the high spots.

This is particularly disappointing for Harley, who made a wonderful start with Manchester City when he scored a goal a match for the first five weeks and then hit eighteen in fifteen outings.

Like Hughie

But like Hughie Gallagher, whom he resembles in style and features, he is not easily deterred. He admits that he is not a classical player and that he relies upon his colleagues to provide the openings. At Maine Road the impeccable Peter Dobing was the creator. His outstanding work is now being appreciated—following his move to Stoke City.

Harley will now have to forge a link with Jimmy Bloomfield and Ken Leek if he is to maintain his reputation as a goal-scorer of repute. Even as a junior he was an outstanding goal poacher. A product of Clydeside junior soccer, he progressed to Third Lanark and immediately caught the eye with his happy knack of being in the right place at the right moment.

Of course, this just isn't luck. A player's ability to read the game and to combine with his other forwards plays a leading role in whether or not he will be a success scoring goals.

His consistency in recent seasons to record a regular high tally is all the more surprising as he is one of those players who rarely score spectacular goals. He hovers around the penalty area and given half a chance he snaps up a goal. A live-wire, he could serve Birmingham and Scotland well in the future.

Looking at the respective international teams it is quite conceivable that the two players could win their caps on the same day—at Hampden Park on April 11.

ITALY

THE boom in Calcio continues, with Inter still the most costly crew to assemble at £516,000 excluding the "unknowns" bought on the cheap and made into stars by Helenio Herrera. AS Roma, still spending in an attempt to match Inter, Juventus and AC Milan have bought Sormani and Schutz to add to foreigners Manfredini, Angelillo and Bergmark, but have recouped much of their initial outlay by increasing the prices for season tickets, and taking more than £120,000 in pre-season ticket sales!

AC Milan endorsed their Wembley win with another 2-1 success against Benfica, this time in the Youth tournament held in San Remo and won by Milan. Having bought Amarildo from Botafogo (Brazil), Milan had to part with one of their stranieri to comply with the new league rules on foreigners—and sold Peruvian wing-half Benitez to Genoa for 110 million lires.

Juventus and Internazionale staged a novel match at the beginning of the new campaign—turning out again their 1951 teams. Juve won 5-1 and though the old-hands are no longer active in the game many of them still exhibited the fine touches—particularly Denmark's John Hansen who got a hat-trick for the Zebras.

YUGOSLAVIA

THE rumours about Sekularac's impending comeback have materialised. Three days after the F.A. had to hand UEFA the twenty-two names for the vital Nation's Cup match against Sweden. Without Sekki, the Swedes won 3-2, and Yugoslavia, finalists in the first series, are out.

Sekularac was one of three players given an amnesty by the F.A. in his case having six months chopped off the eighteen month ban, as was Lisicic. The third member of the notorious trio was Markusevic suspended for one year, and back in action after only nine months. Unfortunately for Sekularac the F.A. cannot get six months knocked off the Army service he qualified for automatically when suspended—he is due for release in March.

Further aid for the earthquake victims of Skoplje has been organised by the F.A.—4d. has been added to all admission prices for First and Second Division matches, for the aid to Skoplje fund, and the proceeds from the international trial Budapest v. Novi Sad will also be handed over. In addition, the Government's news agency have produced a film from their football library comprised of sequences from Vardar Skoplje's big games, and sent it round the cinemas under the title "5.17" (the time at which the big disaster occurred).

CHILE

LEAGUE leaders in the current campaign are Colo Colo, the most popular of the Santiago clubs. Universitario Cattolica, the big guns last term, have slipped badly, but great things are expected by their fans following the engagement of ex-Benfica boss Fernando Riera. Still a national hero, for his part in getting Chile into third place in the World Cup, Riera has a five year contract with his new club.

Despite the new interest stirred up a year ago, when Santiago temporarily became the centre of the football world, most of the clubs are struggling in the financial sense. To relieve the pressure the best players are slowly being ceded to foreign clubs in exchange for cash. The latest to go are Jaime Ramirez, who was a reserve in the World Cup squad and last season figured on the left wing for the Racing Club of Buenos Aires. Back in Chile with Audax Italiano, for a few weeks he has joined Espanol. Joining him on the plane to Spain was Paraguayan cap Adolfo Godoy, sold by Santiago Morning to Elche CF.

AUSTRIA

FC Dornbirn, who produced left-winger Rafreider, star of the 3-1 win over England two years ago, have regained their lost national national league status, but are struggling to meet the costs involved in staying up. Last season they were champions of the Western region of Division II and never travelled more than 100 miles for a match, but now with the majority of the top clubs in and around Vienna, away fixtures have become a nightmare. 100 miles of mountain roads lie between Dornbirn and their nearest airport at Innsbruck, and now Dornbirn have decided to go West to Vienna. Four miles away lies the Swiss frontier and the airport at St. Gall from where Dornbirn will fly by charter plane to Vienna.

The OFB made no complaint when this arrangement was announced, but officialdom looks less kindly on Dornbirn's bid to cut costs involved in home matches. The snag here is referees who *fly* in at great expense from Vienna. Now Dornbirn want to use Swiss referees, and it is said they would like to go all the way with the Swiss and switch from Austrian football altogether!

FK Austria moved to the mountains for seven days' special training before their Europa Cup match with Gornik Zabrze. Based at Neudau they met the local Sport Klub Neudau in a training game and won 18-0. (Nemec 6, Buzek 5, Jacare 4). The population of the village is only 1,200 according to the Burgomeister yet 2,300 fans paid to see the game!

SPAIN

FOR the first time since the tournament was started in Cadiz for the Trofeo Carranza, the series has been won by one

● *Continued on page 38*

SIGN HERE PLEASE—SENOR!

Real Madrid soccer player Vicente signs his autograph for young admirer Tommy Pacheco, aged five, of Glasgow, on his arrival with the Real Madrid team for the European Cup first round match with Glasgow Rangers at Ibrox Park. (Planet.)

ENGLISH REVIEW

by LESLIE PAGE

THEY STILL HAVE MUCH TO LEARN

AS Everton slipped out of the European Cup in the preliminary round and at their first attempt, British soccer in general and English League clubs in particular realised once more that they still have much to learn when it comes to pitting their wits against the top clubs from the mainland of Europe. Of course, one could say, Everton had a rough draw as an introduction to the competition and perhaps there was not a lot in the second leg, which Everton fought with tenacity. But for all of the spending and all of the publicity one cannot feel the English League representatives did very much to uphold the brave new front that followers heard so much about before the season commenced.

I did not realise just how prophetic were the words I had written about Everton in August when I said they would not hesitate to seek out and buy new players if the necessity arose. No sooner were the club and its officials back home after the 1-0 defeat by Internazionale in Milan than chairman, John Moores, was stating that the club intended to strengthen the side.

The first leg of Everton's tie at Goodison Park was by any standards strictly predictable, especially in view of the fact that Inter manager, Helenio Herrera, clearly stated that the Italians set out to make a draw of affairs in England and go out for goals in Milan. As it happened, Inter were unable to do anything better than grab one goal to put the tie, on paper, beyond dispute. But neither of the matches is likely to live long in the memories of those who saw them. The first game showed beyond doubt that Inter could close down a game whenever they wanted which conversely meant that Everton were unable to make the vital breakaways which would have made all the difference.

In Milan, Everton performed a rather better job than they did before their own patrons but the edgy Italians with so much at stake and Everton on the trail of their first international honours finally reduced the match to the level of ill-tempered lower echelon stuff, partially, one would imagine, because players on both sides became frustrated and impatient. This says nothing for the fans at Goodison and Milan who were led to believe they might see a soccer match between two of Europe's leading teams.

It is a great struggle to qualify for the European Champions' Cup and clubs, quite naturally in the early rounds, are unlikely to let go the opportunity of proceeding a fair way along the trail. Another season of fighting a home championship, with all that entails, faces the early loser and in this respect Harry Catterick now finds he has a two-fold job on hand. To repeat last season's top-of-the-table performance and at the same time follow every lead in an effort to build up the kind of side that will be more successful in Europe when the next occasion arises.

Already the season has shown this is easier said than done. Too much money is chasing too little talent and what talent there is around has too little chance of settling down before it is thrust into the limelight. The operational methods of the English League are such that a vast mountain of fixtures must be got through in a period of eight months and managers are very often afraid to make experiments because failure is quickly condemned and not easily redeemed.

With their eyes on other matters and slightly behind in fixtures, Everton's League position at the time of the European Cup dismissal was hardly indicative of the team's capabilities, although the disappointment was not calculated to bolster the ego. One expected to see the power concentration associated with their play towards the end of the last session once more in evidence. The raging interest in soccer on Merseyside will be fed by Mr. Moores and his Everton club, and of course, by Liverpool, a sturdy well integrated combination likely to enjoy much more success at home than they did in the early stages. Liverpool, in fact, in one way and another is all out to make certain we all know where the city stands on the map. After fostering a new generation of "pop" groups and sounds, Liverpool will wish dearly to sponsor a representative at the top of the football tree. It is the age of self expression and Liverpool with its "beat" and soccer write a new page in our social history books.

Impressed

But English sides have not lost touch completely this season with European soccer. Spurs are still around to defend their Cup Winners' Cup, slipping into gear in the League at a time when the critics were busily snapping at their heels. With much the same players as they have used for the past several seasons, Spurs impressed with their experience and know-how, a sure sign of a side able to take the odd crushing defeat with a little more than a pinch of salt.

Billy Nicholson admits he could do with an influx of new men, not necessarily for immediate infusion into the League side but as part of a "pool"

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★ STUART SHAW

Liverpool centre-half and captain Ron Yeats rises higher to a cross than either Jim Standen or Geoff Hurst of West Ham but his effort went wide of the intended target. (M.P.I.)

from which he can draw as and when required. This kind of planning does not always please the younger club members who have waited around for some time hoping a first team chance would arrive. Naturally when they are not selected to step into the boots of the masters, there is talk of them asking for a move and whilst these up and coming men might not be in the same category as the reserve *de luxe*, the subject of Brian Glanville's article last month, the attitude of mind might well be similar.

It is always possible for a man to step into a team on any given occasion and the ball to run with him for the full ninety minutes. It has happened before and it can happen again. The argument in the mind of a young man with a big and important club is always the same. Will I be given my chance when the opportunity arises or will the club set its sights on an established player? There is no true answer to this except that a manager in the top flight will not buy unless he is really forced to and when he has decided in his own mind to enter the buyer's market, the chances of capturing the man he really wants are less than evens.

As soon as the smaller clubs hear the bigger boys are interested in one of their operatives, the financial assessment goes sky high and transfer inflation builds up to even greater heights of idiocy. The whole affair of talent spotting and League success is one gigantic merry-go-round. The little ones must sell to remain solvent and yet without a modicum of the right performers are always likely to linger in the lower divisions. Those who insist the lower divisions must remain a part of the English League set-up are content for this situation to continue and it is well known that the Football League do not feel there can be anything approaching a European League for many years to come.

Opponents

The Football Association are inclined to be a little more forward looking, thinking the hand-to-mouth existence of the lower brethren is unlikely to be altered to any great extent whilst the major clubs are forced to poach players with any kind of real potential in order to build sides which will lead them to English League and Cup honours and subsequently to the rich competitions of the European mainland.

A number of clubs in Division One went through the first quarter of their programmes in unexpected fashion. Manchester United, for example, in racing parlance "came good", gathering a full measure of points at Old Trafford but sadly disappointing their fans all over the country with a series of less than sparkling away performances. United are still a side who can attract the crowds and interest in their progress has increased since their Cup win last May. United's stars continued to be particularly prone to "occasions" and on one Saturday Denis Law could undoubtedly look like one of the greatest inside-forwards in the world and on the next fall from grace in a surprising manner.

Possibility

West Bromwich looked a competent and consistent side in the first quarter and Jimmy Hagan would have been even more pleased had the club settled their outstanding differences with Don Howe playing well enough in the back division to raise the possibility of a recall to the England team. Pint-sized wingers always make news and Albion's Ken Foggo at a little under five and half feet is no exception. His reputation grew as the season progressed and days were a little happier at the Hawthorns for once in a while.

Sheffield United, somewhat surprisingly, capitalised upon a steady start with a tried and trusted bunch of players strong in defence and an attack experienced enough to make the most of opponents' errors. The name of Shaw is positively planted at Bramall Lane where Joe still reigns supreme at centre-half and young Bernard Shaw stood in for his brother Graham at right-back whilst the senior member of the pair nursed a knee injury. To be completely "with it", I suppose I must say that United have a Shaw Defence!

Johnny Carey's move to Nottingham Forest put new life into a club riddled with pay disputes. Within a short time a happier atmosphere abounded and John Quigley, "Flip" Le Flem, the Channel Island's man, and Frank Wignall, the ex-Everton leader, began to settle into a dangerous combination. Blackburn Rovers, too, enjoyed better days with the scheming of Bryan Douglas much in evidence at inside-left and the experience of a well tried defence holding out younger combinations in full flight.

Confidence

After an undistinguished start, Arsenal began to settle into a steady rhythm and Ian Ure lost some of the "new boy" look as he gained confidence and pace. Burnley had injury problems, West Ham were often brilliant in mid-field and terrible in front of goal, Chelsea, the young tearaways of the League, could not always be held in check by the wiles of Frank Blunstone and Wolves quickly took advantage of Ray Crawford's "I want away" request to Ipswich by signing the former England leader for around £50,000. Stan Cullis hoped the plundering Crawford could bring back the goal touch to a side that lacked bite.

The early glamour of a return to Division One soon wore off for Stoke who deserved better fortune in their centenary year whilst Bolton and Ipswich could find little to cheer them. Fulham, as always, were dogged by injuries and even Johnny Haynes

● *Continued overleaf*

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ENGLISH REVIEW by LESLIE PAGE

Continued from previous page

was finding the going somewhat tough. A complete return to form still eluded the one-time England skipper and the fortunes at Craven Cottage are still linked very closely with Haynes' ability to dominate a game, although the work of Jim Langley makes one believe a special medal should be struck for such stout-hearted players.

Swindon Town's introduction to Division Two football went off like a rocket. They strode away from the blocks like thoroughbreds, cutting down more senior opposition to the general amazement of the sporting world and only fell for the first time after ten matches when they met Northampton Town with whom they were promoted last season. Sixteen points from their first ten games was amazingly good going and heading the table for nearly a month was much more than Bert Head could have hoped for. Gates soared beyond expectations, Swindon seethed with excitement and the local populace talked about the club "Doing an Ipswich".

No one doubted this would be a great thing for soccer. The side is young in years but reasonably experienced, Head continues to fight off lucrative offers for his players and the will to succeed abounds as it always does when the unfancied see Division One is but thirty-odd matches away. For some time the opposition at the County Ground will be playing more than the Swindon team. They will play the entire town and a multitude of football followers who invariably root for the underdogs.

Hunt for Honours

Sunderland, who must surely make a return to premier soccer before very much longer, were much as expected in the hunt for honours without ever displaying many of the virtues one recalls from the really great days of the club. Like many another competent side in Division Two, Sunderland go to pieces at the wrong time. With a revitalised Preston North End, for whom Alex Dawson was netting with regularity, Middlesbrough and Leeds United hard on the trail, the Division remained one for the brave and the strong.

Positions can change rapidly in Division Three but both Bournemouth and Coventry convinced forecasters they were capable of lasting the course, especially Bournemouth with a most impressive home record during the first quarter. Promoted Oldham Athletic gave indications of throwing a spanner into the reckoning. Poor Luton Town after lingering so long at the foot of Division Two now take up a similar spot in Division Three. Millwall manager, Ron Gray, faced angry crowds who gathered to protest at their team's lack of success and Eddie Lowe, the former Fulham wing-half, found the going mighty tough with his new managerial charges, Notts County.

Gillingham, missing promotion last term on goal average, showed they were in no mood to relax pressure in Division Four, whilst Newport County and Exeter City, so often the "lame dogs", appeared in more tenacious mood.

Attendances at League matches which had shown a slight but encouraging increase during the 1962-63 campaigns, began a significant decline for no apparent reason and those attempting to find an answer confessed themselves puzzled.

Interest

Much more interest, however, was shown in the Football League Cup, despite the continued non-participation of many leading Division One clubs. Strangely, after two rounds, only seven Division One sides remained in the competition and the League Cup holders, Birmingham, had been dismissed from this season's competition.

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Manchester City's wing-half or inside-forward Matt Gray was signed from Third Lanark last season. (Prov. 2.)

BRIAN GLANVILLE

● *Continued from page 8*

Abolish offside, which began a hundred years ago, at Eton, as "sneaking", and you may find half a dozen of your defenders standing on the goal line!

Situations

What is needed, perhaps, is a limitation of the number of defenders allowed at any one time in any given area; their own half of the field, perhaps, or their own penalty-box. Not an easy thing to specify, for clearly there are certain situations—corners, for example—when it is necessary for a defence to be packed, while it is difficult to decide what penalties might be imposed. A free kick? Then where should it be taken?

It would, I think, be optimistic to leave the cure to the clubs, countries and managers themselves, sanguine to think that the ultimate good of the game will motivate them, over and above immediate results, their own jobs, their own financial futures. But something will ultimately have to be done, and if it doesn't grow from within, then it will have to be imposed—somehow—from without.

"Gates" are steady

Football League attendances up to October 4 were 7,603,920 at 471 matches, average 16,144 compared with 7,872,204 at 484 matches for an average of 16,265 during the same period in 1962-63 season.

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AROUND THE WORLD STORIES

● Continued from page 33

of the foreign guests. The honour fell to Benfica who beat Barcelona 3-2 and Fiorentina 7-3 in the final.

In a strangely quiet summer for transfers, the big headlines have gone to newly promoted Espanol, who bought Chile's Jaime Ramirez; are still negotiating for Argentina's second highest scorer of last season, Prospitti, and stole a march on everyone by signing Ladislav Kubala. Other big names with new clubs are Ramon Alberto Villaverde and Fernando Daucik, the latter the former Czech international who has already bossed Atletico Madrid, CFB and Atletico Bilbao to the championship, and now takes over Real Murcia. This puts paid to rumours that Murcia would sign Real Madrid reserve Yanko (Daucik) for Fernando feels his son is better off making his own way in the game. Villaverde has been transferred from Barcelona to Real Santander but will be back with CFB this month for his "testimonial" match.

Real Madrid are for once airing their financial position. At the AGM in September, President Don Santiago Bernabeu announced that during the next twelve months the club would pay out £520,000 towards the total cost of developing his personal dream the "Ciudad Deportiva". Real lost a few thousand pounds last season, largely through subsidising less popular sports, and for a while now the tennis, athletics and swimming sections must stand alone—until the Sports City is built.

Former Real Madrid captain, Jose Maria Zarraga, topped the bill at the F.A.'s summer school for coaches, and has now been appointed trainer of the Real Youth side. Unofficially, he's now favourite for the entrenadore spot if Miguel Munoz should quit.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA

NEWLY promoted Prague club Spartak Motorlet are due for a hasty return to the security of Division II if early results serve as a reliable guide. Hammered 8-0 by Dukla and 7-1 by Banik Ostrava, Motorlet have one point from their first seven games! Dukla are still the number one club side—whacking Valetta (Malta 6-0 and 2-0 in the European Cup) and unbeaten in the League—have twelve points and a three point margin over the field.

Dukla fans who don't read the newspapers got a shock recently when left-half Masopust took the field with a seven on his back. He wasn't outside-right, however, but left-half in the Czechs' new numbering system that conforms with 4-2-4! Trainer Vejvoda has begun to introduce youngsters into the Dukla side—brightest newcomer thus far being left-back Geleta whom many critics feel should go straight into the national team.

Paired with France in the qualifying round of the Olympic soccer tournament the Czechs lost 2-0 to Poland in a training match. The Poles were able to field their best side which beat Norway 9-0 but the top twenty-two in Czech circles are "out" because they played in the World Cup last year. The Olympics squad is virtually an Under-23 side built with an eye on the next World Cup. In the first leg France were beaten 4-0.

RUSSIA

FIRST test for the new international team boss, Beskov, was the visit of Hungary, who drew 1-1 at the Lenin Stadium in Moscow. The Beskov squad included only three of the old guard Voronin, Ivanov and star 'keeper Yachin. Late in the game the Russians were ahead until Ferenc Machos came on as a substitute for the injured Fenyvesi and scored from twenty-five yards. Yachin, otherwise as brilliant as ever, was "lobbed" and widely criticised for his boob.

The race for the championship is keener than ever as the final turn approaches. Almost weekly, the leadership changes hands between the three top favourites — Moscow Dynamo thirty-eight pts., Moscow Spartak thirty-seven, and Dynamo Tiflis thirty-five. Dynamo Kiev, who started favourites, have slipped out of the picture.

Schaktjor Donezk, Cup-holders last year and finalists this season, are still in the news—thanks to their wingers Anatole Rodine and Oleg Kolosov who have been added to the formidable list of Russian stars suspended for "unsportsmanlike activities" (girls and vodka).

WEST GERMANY

THE new Bundesliga is an overwhelming success judging by the opening five weeks of the new campaign. 1,320,000 customers paid to see the top League games in this period—an average of 33,000 per game. First man suspended under the new system was Berti Kraus, recently transferred from Offenbach Kickers to Munchen 1860, whom the F.A. discovered had been paid an illegal bonus of 50,000 Marks. He will be idle for eight months. Second man to be suspended was Helmut Rahn(!)—the first to be sent off by a Bundesliga ref.

Fussballer des Jahre is 1st FC Koln captain Hans Schafer, who polled nearly half the votes. Schafer (102 votes), Max Morlock (forty-one), Jurgen Werner (thirty-nine), K. H. Schnellinger (twenty-nine). Schafer, thirty-six in October, has earned thirty-nine caps and scored 465 goals in 650 appearances for Koln.

The talks to enter a combined East–West German Olympic soccer squad came to nothing and the once suspended play-offs have been staged. Bamberg centre-forward Zettelmeier scored twice in the 2-1 win for the West in Hannover, but East Germany qualify after winning 3-0 in Karl Marx Stadt.

WIND OF CHANGE

● Continued from page 28

say it is because they now know where they stand. They know they will get a fair deal without favouritism creeping in and spoiling things.

They know that the best man will go in every time, and the second rater stay out which is an old principle that has now been brought back for the benefit of the fans, the players and the clubs.

It was a policy that was unfortunately ditched when the top blew off the transfer market. Clubs who paid out fortunes for new stars would not drop them, however badly they played.

And when they recovered after injury, even a winning team had to be disturbed to accommodate them immediately.

Now, managers have found their lost courage. Everything is being cut down to size as the battle for points and honours hots up.

It all adds up to just this: the air has been cleared. The whisperings have stopped, and players have stopped loafing around and not always bothering to give of their best.

So the benefit is being passed on to the fan. No longer does he see two teams playing out time. Instead, he sees two teams fighting it out from start to finish, and remembering that the game lasts ninety minutes.

The wind of change has blown through all the clubs....

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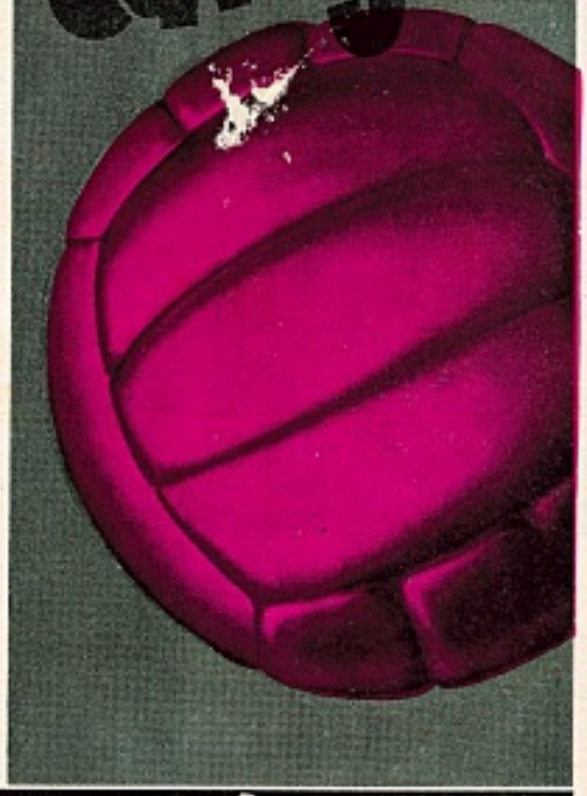

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